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THE

MODERN CYMON,

FROM THE

"JEAN"

OF

C. PAUL DE KOCK.

"Notre gloire est souvent l'ouvrage d'un sourire."
LEGOUVÉ, *Mérite des Femmes.*

VOL. II.

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THE MODERN CYMON.

CHAPTER I.

NEXT morning, when he awoke, Jean thought no more of the two ladies, and the contents of the souvenir. He was full of Mlle. Adelaide, and the changes his marriage with that young lady would make in his mode of life. "After all," said he, "I will take pretty good care to have every thing my own way. I will smoke all day long if I choose. My godfather says she adores me; and a wife who loves her husband will soon get accustomed to the smell of tobacco."

Jean turned on his pillow, and a very different smell from that of tobacco assailed his nostrils. He could not divine from whence arose the sweet perfume of jasmin and orange flower. On looking about, his eye caught the little silk reticule lying on the chair by the bedside. "Ah, it is my fashionable ladies' reticule," said Jean, rising: "these women must scent every thing. It is exactly like Daddy Chopard's *crême des fleurs d'orange*. By the bye, I must take her this bag. Suppose I send it: I dare say she will think I come in order to be thanked again. God knows I have had enough of their

thanks. However, if I send it by a messenger, he may not make out the house, or leave it with some one who will keep it: after all, I don't look as if I wanted to be rewarded for my trouble, and as I don't know what the devil to do with myself, I may as well walk toward the Rue Richer, as any where else."

Jean did not see any occasion to tell his mother the adventures of the preceding evening. After breakfast, he put the little bag, with its contents, in his pocket, and set out in search of the residence of Mme. Caroline Dorville. When he reached the Rue Richer, Jean knocked at the first *porte cochère*, and asked for Mme. Dorville. The porter replied, "Mme. Dorville? I do not know her; she does not live here."

Jean turned on his heel, but the porter called him back, saying, "But, sir, who is the lady—what is she?"

"Is there a Mme. Dorville in your house?" said Jean, roughly."

"No, sir; but ——"

"But what business is it of yours then, who she is, or what she is?"

Jean walked away, leaving the porter muttering, "That is a good one — he is ready enough to ask, and he won't answer a civil question: does he think people are to tell him every thing, and he to tell nothing himself?"

Jean tried another house. This time, a woman opened the door — she made the same reply, and bored him with the same questions. He turned his back on her, saying, "It seems curiosity is a part of their trade. I am as far as ever from knowing where this lady lives; must I knock at every door in the street? It seems, Mme. Dorville is not very well

known about here — so much the better; I do not admire your ladies that every body knows."

But at Jean's third essay, the porter replied, "Yes, sir, on the second floor."

Jean ascended a handsome staircase, and rang as loud as he was accustomed to do at his godfather's, saying, "I suppose this fine lady is not up yet; it is only half-past ten — much too early for her." A young girl opened the door. Jean, in his usual rough manner, said, "Is this Mme. Caroline Dorville's?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is she within?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is she up?"

The servant stared at Jean, and seemed a little surprised at his manner. However, she again replied in the affirmative, "Yes, sir, my mistress is up."

"I wish to speak to her."

"Your name, sir, if you please."

"She will not be a bit the wiser for that — she does not know me: but what's that to the purpose? can't I speak to your mistress without telling her my name? Such absurd ceremony!"

"But, sir——"

"Go tell her, can't you, that there is a person who has something to give her."

The servant ushered Jean into a handsome room, saying, that she would acquaint her mistress.

Jean threw himself on an elegant sofa, and looked about him. The room was richly furnished — fine pictures, a piano, and a harp.

"All of a piece," said Jean, "quite a woman of fashion. All airs and affectation, no doubt: to be sure, Mlle. Chopard is not very handsome, and she makes a fool of herself when she sets up for a wit;

still, I prefer a woman like that to one of these high-flyers with whom you must be always on your guard, for fear of offending their ears forsooth. Now this one thinks of nothing but dress, compliments, and visits."

Here Jean recollected the souvenir, and the visit of the young lady to the Fauxbourg St. Martin. He was struck with the possibility of a good heart and fashionable manners being united, and could not help saying, "I am a pretty person, indeed, to set up for a censurer of others — I, who do not know what to do with myself from morning till night."

Just then a door opened, and a lady of about twenty or twenty-one years of age walked into the room. This young lady was rather above the middle size; her figure was light and graceful, and the elegance of her manners added to the charms of her person. There was a pleasing gentleness about her, though her manner was exceedingly lady-like. Her large brown eyes sparkled with a brilliancy which attracted without dazzling, or compelling you to withdraw your gaze; on the contrary, their sweet expression tempted you to look yet again, and they were indeed, such eyes as one loves best to meet. A Grecian nose not too large—a mouth not too small—a cheek, carnation-tinted, and well-arched brows completed a face, classically oval, and set off a high forehead, surmounted by a profusion of beautiful chesnut hair, which flowed in ringlets on each side of this enchanting countenance.

The lady approached Jean, who involuntarily arose. In a polite, but cold tone, she begged to know his business. Jean, instead of replying, stared at her for some time, and then said, "The devil take me if ever I should have known you again. It is true it

was dark, and you had on one of those immense bonnets, under which it is impossible to know any one. I dare say you don't recollect me either."

The young lady looked at Jean, as if trying to recollect him, and then said, "I think I have heard your voice, sir, but I don't know ——"

"God bless me! Madame, it was I who stopped a rascal last night in the Rue des Trois Pavillons, who had run away with your shawl."

"Ah, is it you, sir! Pray excuse my not recollecting ——"

"No harm done, Madame, you would never have heard any thing more of me if I had not found this little bag, just after I left you, which I have no doubt is the one the robber took from you, and which he probably dropped when I collared him."

"What, sir, you have had the goodness ——"

"There is no goodness in the case, Madame — the bag belonged to you and I have brought it back; that is all, and I have now the honour of wishing you —"

Jean bowed and was leaving the room, but Madame Dorville detained him. As soon as she found in the very cavalier gentleman before her, her protector of the preceding night, her reserve gave way to a frank pleasing manner, and it was no longer in a cold tone of voice that she requested Jean to be seated and not to withdraw in such a hurry.

Jean was not much accustomed to comply with the requests of ladies, however, there was something so soft in the manner, and so engaging in the air with which she requested him to remain, that Jean stopped short, looked about as if he did not well know what to do, and at last plumped himself down by Mme. Dorville.

This lovely woman, who joined to her personal attractions, a considerable degree of wit and knowledge

of the world, saw with a glance, that Jean was not accustomed to society. Far from seeking to augment his confusion, she pretended not to remark it, in order to put him more at his ease; and, despite his habitual assurance, Jean, who had never been in such company before, felt great difficulty in expressing himself, and was any thing but comfortable, at finding himself seated so near the fine lady.

"And so you found the bag, sir?" said the young lady, who saw that if there was to be any conversation she must commence it.

"Yes, Madame, yes; just as I left you—when I had boxed you up in the jarvey, I returned through the street where we met, and seeing something shining on the ground, I picked it up. I opened it and found the contents exactly as you described, and—"

"You have had the goodness to bring it to me yourself: really, I scarce know how to thank you."

"Not at all, Madame, there was not much compliment in that. I am quite idle, no business—I fritter away the whole day, and do nothing from morning till night, which is sometimes most damnably tiresome."

Here the young lady changed colour, and drew away her chair a little.

"I preferred bringing you the bag myself, to trusting it to some blockhead who might not have found you out."

"But, sir, how did you discover my name and address?"

This puzzled Jean a little, who replied, "How did I learn your name?——"

"Yes, for you asked for Madame Dorville—Caroline Dorville even. So that it seems you know my Christian name, and yet I don't recollect having mentioned it yesterday evening."

"Very true, Madame, it was not from you I learnt it, but as it was necessary to know it, in order to return your property to you—egad, Madame, having examined your bag thoroughly to see if it contained any address, and not finding any, I opened your souvenir, and read its contents."

The young lady blushed and dropped her eyes. Jean took notice of it, and said, "Perhaps you are annoyed at this, Madame, but I had no other means of making you out."

Caroline smiled slightly, and replied to Jean in a softened tone, "You could not have done otherwise, sir. I will admit that there were some little notes written on the spur of the moment — which — were not meant for the eye of a stranger, — and — you must allow it is rather odd, sir."

The pretty woman could not help smiling, and Jean, who thought she was alluding to what he had read, said, "Why yes, there are some things rather odd to be sure."

There was a moment's silence, the young lady seemed lost in thought. Perhaps she was trying to recolleet what was written in her souvenir. As for Jean, he was quite content, gazing on Mme. Dorville; then throwing his eyes on the pictures began whistling between his teeth, according to his old habit. The young lady stole a look at him, and smiled again. Jean had fixed a picture opposite to him, and kept muttering to himself, "That is very good, that is a first-rate thing—what the devil is it all about? A gentleman is taken ill in church."

"It is the death of Tasso, sir."

"Ah! the Death of Tasso; I dont know the buck. He is all in black, I see; some physician of the neighbourhood, I suppose."

Mme. Dorville bit her lips, and could hardly con-

ceal her surprise. Jean did not perceive it, and continued his remarks on the pictures.

"Ah! there is a merrier one—they are dancing—I dare say a fête, but from the dress of the gentry, I should suppose it is during carnival."

"That represents the nuptials of Thetis and Peleus."

"Thetis and Peleus! what ridiculous names for married people."

"They are Gods."

"Gods are they! some of them are devilish ugly then. *Bilious*, I suppose, is that old fellow below with a bald head; and that other fellow who has disguised himself as a devil with fiery tail and horns—I suppose he is the mummer who plays first fiddle at the wedding."

"That is Discord, sir."

"Oh, discord, is it?"

"You are not acquainted, then, with the judgment of Paris?"

"The judgment of Paris? no. I know in our quarter one Paris who is a wine merchant, but I never heard of his being a judge of any thing else."

The beauty could refrain no longer; she burst into a fit of laughing, and Jean turning very calmly round, said, "Do I make you laugh, ma'am?"

Mme. Dorville looked for a moment, and then replied, "Yes, sir."

"Ah, I have said something absurd."

"I don't say so, sir; but—stay, sir, will you excuse me if I am frank with you."

"Excuse you, to be sure I will! there is nothing I like so much as frankness, it makes one feel so comfortable — and you must have seen, Madame, that I am by no means a man of ceremony: what were you going to say?"

"That I am astonished, sir, at your ignorance of things — with which every one is acquainted; and I am the more surprised from your having told me that you do nothing — that is to say, that you have no business which takes up your time."

"No, Madame, my name is Jean Durand: I am an only son — my father was a herbalist in the Rue St. Paul, and, I flatter myself, very much respected in the neighbourhood: he spoke Latin, and thoroughly understood the properties of all simples — he wished to make a man of science of me, but, egad, I could not stomach it: I was tired to death of sitting on a form at school, and always loved being as free as the birds of the air. In short, my father flogged me for not learning botany; whilst my mother kissed me, gave me money, and told me I had learned quite enough. My poor father died, not over well pleased with me, which I deeply regret. I have no one left but my mother, who has quitted business some time — I have twelve thousand francs a-year, which I spend, lounging about with one and another, or smoking and playing billiards: and now, Madame, you know me as well as if we had lived all our lives together?"

Caroline was pleased with Jean's candour, and she replied, "You have followed your fancy — every one has a right to please himself."

"Yes, Madame, and my pleasure consists in doing nothing."

"You have preferred a life — free — to the pleasures which are to be met with in good society, where a sufficient fortune enables one to take a certain rank."

"How, don't you think I can go into society when I please?"

"I don't say so; but you gave me to understand

that you are annoyed by the customs and usages of the world."

"Why, what can I say: I find it such a nuisance to sit for two hours together talking of the most trifling things — to be obliged to dress — and to be jumping up every minute to make a bow—to be on one's guard against an oath slipping out. Is it possible, Madame, you can like all this?"

The lady smiled again, and replied, "Every thing, sir, depends on the direction given to our thoughts: in childhood we are fond of pleasure: I was taught to find it in the study of music, drawing, and history; the conversation of persons who drew forth my trifling powers, was my delight, and I have been charmed in company by the wit of others, and have endeavoured to acquire that knowledge which will enable me to play my part respectably in the world in which I am to live."

Jean shook his head, and muttered, "Very true: it is just as you say — all depends on the direction of the thoughts; but — I think it will rain to-day."

The lady bit her lips again; Jean looked up at the ceiling, and did not well know what to do. There was a pause. At length Mme. Dorville, rising and curtseying to Jean, said, "I shall ever feel grateful, sir, for the services which you have rendered my friend and myself. Whenever you find yourself in this neighbourhood, sir, I trust you will not pass by without looking in."

Jean took the hint: he rose and made the best bow he could, stammering, "Madame—certainly—with the greatest pleasure—though to be sure—for my part—I beg you will not stir, I can find the door."

In the midst of these phrases, Jean, who in spite of himself felt very much embarrassed, made for the kitchen, and, instead of going out, was getting into a closet. The servant hastened to his assistance, and, leading the way, opened the door. Jean began bowing anew, putting his hat on and off three or four times, and did not breathe freely till the door was closed on him.

"What an infernal ass am I," said Jean, "to be embarrassed before a woman—I should like to know why, too !—for after all, whether a woman wears a cap or her hair, whether she has a silk or linen gown, she is but a woman ; and yet I felt quite bewildered with this Mme. Dorville, who was very polite and really amiable. She is a little affected, perhaps, but not unpleasantly so—she looked so good-natured, notwithstanding her fine dress ; and besides she is handsome, very handsome indeed—I must do her that justice. Her graceful figure, blue eyes—brown though, I think—I did not much observe the colour, but I felt they were very charming—Mlle. Chopard's large eyes are bursting out of her head ; but compared with this lady's, they look more like glass than natural eyes—talking of this lady, by the by, I don't think she agrees with Mlle. Adelaide that I am a man of science—she did not give me that idea at least, and I rather think that those who consider me very learned cannot be very knowing in any thing else than peach-kernels.—This lady has a very pleasing voice—I think one can talk much longer with a person of a soft voice ; it does not fatigue you so—very different from Mlle. Chopard's voice ; she might manœuvre a regiment in the plain of Sablons—it is a voice—I don't know how to describe it — it is odd ! but there are voices which one

likes to listen to, though they may say the most simple things."

Jean was surprised to find himself at home; he had been so occupied with the fair owner of the souvenir, that he had not perceived the length of his walk.

CHAPTER II.

WHILST Jean is thus occupied with the lady he had just left, let us devote a little time to her. The acquaintance of a pretty woman is always desirable, particularly when she unites the beauties of the mind with those of the person.

Caroline was the daughter of a rich merchant named Grandpré, who was so completely wrapped up in his business, that he had very little time to spare for his wife and child, although he was what the world calls a very kind father. But Mme. Grandpré idolized her Caroline, and, having received a very good education herself, she was very capable of superintending that of her daughter.

Caroline had all the necessary masters for music, drawing, and languages; but her mother's lessons, the praises she received for her progress, and her great aptitude for study, made her quickly surmount those difficulties which, both in the arts and sciences, are only to be overcome by great application. Caroline became a first-rate musician: she sang delightfully to her own accompaniment on the

harp or piano, and drew with great taste. Her mother was proud of her accomplishments, and often said to her husband, "What a dear child she is—she has a thousand talents; and, above all, she is so good and gentle."

"So much the better, so much the better," said M. Grandpré, "I will marry her well, I shan't be satisfied with less than thirty thousand livres a year."

Thus money was every thing with M. Grandpré, as is too generally the case. Madame Grandpré was not exactly of that way of thinking. She thought Caroline sufficiently handsome to be admired for her own sake; and she required that, besides thirty thousand livres a year, the future husband should be sufficiently good-looking to please the daughter equally well with the father.

Caroline, fifteen years old, thought but very vaguely of marriage, if she thought about it at all; and as to love, she only knew it by name. As she often accompanied her parents to balls and parties, no doubt she had been addressed by many young men in that flattering style which excites an emotion of pleasure in the coldest bosoms, and leaves innocence to suppose that there is yet something still more tender to be learnt; but though entering freely into all the pleasures of her age, Caroline as yet could look forward to no possible enjoyment of which her mother was not largely to partake.

About this time a considerable failure in the commercial world took place, and M. Grandpré was all but ruined by it: of all their fortune there remained only three thousand livres a year. There are many who would have been rich with such a sum; to others again, it would be abject poverty. Every thing depends on the rank we hold in the world.

M. Grandpré could not support this reverse; accustomed to extensive business and large speculations, and to all the advantages to be derived from wealth, he could not endure the idea of sinking into a simple citizen — no longer to excite a sensation on 'Change — no longer to have clerks to scold, letters to sign, and orders to give: all this was death to him; for those people who have no real ability, are unable to support a reverse of fortune. They learn their own weakness, and find it was to their gold alone they owed all their confidence, weight, and respectability; they fall prone to the earth, like those bladders which the wind no longer supports. Six weeks after the failure, M. Grandpré died broken-hearted.

Caroline was her mother's only consolation; she redoubled her cares, her zeal, and attentions: she would frequently say — "Mamma, as we have still a thousand crowns a year, we cannot be called poor: however, if you think it not enough, I can work; I can give lessons in music. Why not avail yourself of those instructions which you have told me a thousand times would be a sure resource in adversity, and that none but fools would blush to employ them."

Mme. Grandpré embraced her daughter, saying, "We have quite enough to support us, Caroline, without calling your talents into exercise: if such exertions were necessary, I should never feel ashamed. Thanks to heaven, the prejudice which weighed so heavily against artists has passed away; with a thousand crowns we may still live respectably: no doubt we must alter our dress, and deny ourselves many little things to which we have been accustomed. If I feel any regret for our fortune, it is for your sake, my child, whom I hoped to have seen in a rank in life which you are so well calculated to adorn."

"Must not I feel always happy, having you: and what a sure resource have I in those talents which I owe to you. Ah! I feel persuaded, mamma, that they are true riches, for they charm our leisure hours, adversity cannot deprive us of them, and they furnish us even with the means of prolonging our existence."

The mother and daughter made their arrangements accordingly. Caroline was not mistaken in saying that she should be equally happy as when rich — at sixteen we are so easily pleased: a walk, music, with friends who still remained attached to her, a party to the play — all these were great pleasures to Caroline. True, in going into company she wore a much more simple dress, and the same bonnet now lasted a much longer time; but a pretty girl often looks to as much, or more advantage, in simple attire, than when dressed in the height of fashion. Caroline was always greeted with a buzz of admiration when she entered a room, or stood up in a quadrille; she constantly heard, "How well she looks — what a sweet girl,"— and, without being vain, one always feels aware of whom these things are said. How could she then feel regret for the loss of any thing, when she read in every eye that she wanted nothing.

Madame Grandpré felt less philosophically on the subject, having out-lived the age of illusion — or, because there is so much more requisite in old age to make us even moderately comfortable. It was painful to her to walk on foot, after having been accustomed to her cabriolet—to lodge on the third story, with very few rooms, after having been accustomed to the first, with a complete suite — and to have but one servant instead of four, as hitherto. She sighed as she climbed her staircase, and, from time to time, a murmur escaped her, which showed Caroline how much she regretted the loss of her fortune. Caroline

would throw herself in her arms, and endeavour to make her forget. Madame Grandpré assured her daughter that she mistook the motive of her sighs; but Caroline saw only too well that her mother was but endeavouring to deceive herself. At length Mme. Grandpré, who, when rich, could not tolerate the idea of any other than a young and handsome man as a husband for her daughter, now said, "Ah! she will never meet with a man worth thirty thousand livres a-year."

It is thus we change with circumstances, and we are called weathercocks; but if no change took place in our own situation, our own fortune, or that of our friends, it would be seen whether we are so very fickle as is generally supposed.

Caroline still went often into company with her mother, who hoped that she might make some desirable match, and that her rare talents and accomplishments might compensate for the want of fortune. Madame Grandpré was not mistaken. Although men are generally on the look out for fortune with girls, yet those who unite wit and beauty with that softness, that modesty, which is so pleasing, especially in a young person, are pretty sure of being soon married. It would be too bad, indeed, if money were alone thought of, and if virtues and graces went for nothing in an engagement so calculated to make us acquainted with the softest sentiments of our nature.

M. Dorville met Mlle. Grandpré: he was at first struck with her charming figure, and was afterwards no less captivated by the talents with which Caroline seemed trying merely to amuse her friends, without intending any display. M. Dorville was astonished to find so much grace, merit, and modesty united. However, he determined to study her character, to see if she joined to those capabilities of pleasing in

the world, those more sterling qualities without which there can be no happiness at home.

The result of his observations was always in Caroline's favour, and he determined to make her his wife. M. Dorville was a naval officer, about fifty years old, of an austere and cold manner, but of a good figure, and very gentlemanly appearance: he had fourteen thousand livres a-year, and a decoration which he had right well earned.

A sensible man of fifty years of age does not think of making love to a girl of sixteen: he feels he may make himself pleasing to her, and suitable as a husband, but he does not expect to inspire her with a very violent passion. M. Dorville, who was neither fool nor coxcomb, was far from deceiving himself on this head: he went straight to Madame Grandpré, and began where those who have honorable intentions generally end—by asking the young lady's hand.

Madame Grandpré was very much flattered by his proposal. M. Dorville bore an honourable name, and was worth fourteen thousand livres a-year; in every respect a good match for her daughter, and better than she had latterly dared to hope for. It was true, M. Dorville was on the wrong side of fifty, and very far from being young or handsome. But since she had lost her fortune, Madame Grandpré thought very little of these trifles. However, she would promise nothing to M. Dorville; she would leave it all to her daughter: she let him see, though, that she would be well pleased to call him son.

When Caroline was informed that M. Dorville was a suitor for her hand, she made a wry face, and did not seem very much flattered by his preference. Madame Grandpré dwelt on all the advantages of the match which was to decide the fate of Caroline,

and particularly on the reputation of M. Dorville for honour and probity. All this was very well in its way; but at sixteen the steadiest girl in the world thinks a little of love and Hymen, and in the day-dreams of her young imagination, her heart was not to be won by honour and probity alone. Caroline told her mother that she had no wish to marry — that she felt herself perfectly happy—and was content with what they had.

Madame Grandpré dropped the subject, but Caroline soon perceived that her mother was melancholy and discontented, and which she concluded was caused by her rejection of M. Dorville. Always affectionate, and ready to sacrifice her own wishes to those of others, Caroline told her mother that, after having well reflected on the subject, she was willing to accept the husband of her choice. In another month she became Madame Dorville.

Madame Grandpré took up her residence with them. If Caroline experienced for her husband none of those tender sentiments, the result of reciprocal love, she yet felt a most sincere friendship for him, and enjoyed once more the advantages of an easy fortune. Madame Grandpré was two years witness of a union, in which the difference of age had never brought on a quarrel, and she died satisfied with the lot of her daughter.

A year after, M. Dorville, who was particularly fond of field-sports, fell a victim to the awkwardness of a friend, and received a ball intended for a deer. Caroline became a widow and her own mistress at nineteen, with a fortune of very nearly seventeen thousand livres a-year.

'Marriage gives to youth a certain rank and position in the world. A widow of nineteen is more independent than an unmarried female of twenty-nine.

With her fortune, beauty, and accomplishments, M. Dorville's young widow could not fail to find numerous admirers and aspirants for her hand; but after having passed the spring of life in pleasing others, Caroline determined in future to please herself, and not again to surrender her liberty but with her heart.

We are now acquainted with Caroline, and may add, that she was in her one-and-twentieth year; that an acquaintance with the world, and a certain position in society, had given her that amiable confidence which confers an easiness of manner and the full possession of the faculties, enabling a lovely woman to avail herself of all the advantages nature has so bountifully bestowed. Caroline was by no means a coquette, but she had no objection to please: she did not lay herself out to attract men—neither did she repulse them. In a word, she was one of those charming women who are the delight of society, and whom other women find it extremely hard to say any thing against.

After Jean's visit, Caroline's first thought was to examine her souvenir. She knew there was nothing in them at which she need blush, but she wished to see the passages from which he had learnt her name and address. Caroline smiled on reading those parts relating to fashions and dress, and said to herself, "The young man must have thought me very trifling; for there is nothing fashionable about him—indeed too little. Pity, that naturally so good-looking—and by no means a bad figure—he should be quite uneducated. But such manners—such an address—such ignorance of the most common things!"

Caroline's eye caught the verses which were addressed to her. "Ah! he learnt my name from these, which M. Valcourt took the liberty of writing one day when I left my souvenir on the table. The gentle-

man could not learn much from these things. He saw, however, that they were addressed to the mistress of the souvenir; and my address—ah, here it is; this lodging for Hortense. He was not puzzled after all. In spite of his ignorance, I don't think he wants brains. Poor lad! he did not know how to get away; if I had not risen he would have staid here till to-morrow."

Just then the servant announced Madame Beaumont, and a lady of about forty entered the room. Madame Dorville ran to meet her, saying, "Ah, I am very glad to see you."

"My dear friend, I called to know if you had recovered from your fright; for my part, I scarcely closed an eye, though I made my maid sleep in my room, and looked five or six times under my bed, and in my wardrobes: when I did sleep, I dreamt of nothing but robbers, and that no less than three tumbled down my chimney."

"I slept as well as ever, I assure you. But you do not know the end of our adventure."

"What! is there more?"

"Stay — look, here is my bag, my purse, my souvenir. I have lost nothing."

"What do you mean?"

"All is brought back to me."

"By whom? the robber?"

"No, indeed; the gentleman who last night took my shawl from the robber, and escorted us to the carriage."

"Well!"

"Well, he also found my bag in repassing the street, and he brought it to me."

"How very odd! My dear friend, may he not be a spy, do you think?"

"What an idea! quite a young man, to whom we

—to whom I, at least, am so much obliged. If you had conversed with him, as I have, you would never have formed such an opinion."

"You have seen him, then?"

"Certainly; he came himself, and would give the bag to no one but me."

"How does he look by day-light? I was so agitated yesterday, that I scarcely looked at him."

"Why, pretty well."

"He appeared tall."

"Yes — tall enough."

"Rather a vulgar look, I think."

"Not exactly the look — but the dress — the manner — and he smelt of tobacco."

"Oh, dreadful! and you could sit down and talk with him?"

"My dear, surely the smell did not diminish the service he had rendered me."

"No, certainly not; but I do detest smoking—it is so completely the guardhouse."

"You never saw such a singular young man—he has no knowledge of the world; he can neither enter a room, nor leave it; but there is a frankness about him which pleases: he at once told me all his history. His name, Jean Durand; his father, who was in trade, is dead; he lives with his mother, and is worth twelve thousand livres a year."

"Twelve thousand livres a year! and not know how to enter a room: I can't forgive him."

"He confessed to me that he would never do any thing, nor learn any thing."

"What an inquisition in company!"

"You may suppose he thinks of nothing but his pleasures; he can only smoke, swear, and play at billiards."

"What a savage you must have found him."

"No, indeed, he was very polite, except an oath or two that escaped him."

"He would have made me quite nervous."

"Why, after the service he had rendered me, and the pains he had taken to bring home my bag, I thought I could do no less than ask him to call whenever he found himself in this neighbourhood; but I am well persuaded he will never avail himself of the invitation."

"So much the better for you, my dear friend; what could you make of such a man? He was of great use last night, no doubt, which we thanked him for — and there is an end of it."

Caroline made no reply, and they thought no more of Monsieur Jean.

CHAPTER III.

Jean found Bellequeue at home, who came from the Chopards' to invite him to spend the evening there.

"You must go, my dear friend," added Bellequeue, "for now you are affianced to that superb girl, there are little assiduities due — little attentions necessary."

"Godfather, I have already told you, that I know nothing of gallantry. I am ready to marry the superb girl; but I shall pay her no little attentions, because it is not in my nature to do so; and besides — and besides — besides — I don't know: I should be tired to death making love."

"Always joking. Ah, you rogue, you are hiding your game."

"I don't hide anything, I assure you."

"Yes, but you do though: all the Chopards say so; and Adelaide herself says, that you have a great deal in you, but that you won't let it out. But no matter; you like her, and she adores you; that is the main point. You will have a most magnificent wife.

And what a stock of liqueurs! What are you thinking of, my friend?"

"Nothing, godfather."

"That sometimes happens to me. Well, we meet at Chopard's this evening."

Jean thought of Mme. Dorville the live-long day—the little souvenir—of the visit which he had made the pretty woman, and of the conversation he had had with her, and from time to time he said, "In the world, in what is called good society, how much time is spent in talking sillily, or of trifling things! That must be very tiresome. Yet, I don't know how it was—I was not at all tired this morning, and time passed very quickly. I must have been there upwards of a quarter of an hour. I should have been there still if she had not got up; but, I suppose, it is not the fashion to pay long visits."

In the evening, Jean went mechanically to the Chopards. Mlle. Adelaide tenderly reproached him for having been three days without seeing her: she even gave him a little tap on the arm. Jean let her tap, and made no reply. Mlle. Adelaide pinched him, and he spoke not; but with his eyes fixed on the ground he heaved a gentle sigh. Mlle. Adelaide said to herself, "He is taken — it is all over — he is over head and ears in love—I knew very well what would happen."

Jean's sigh made Mlle. Chopard ridiculously gay. The parents concluded that the young people were very well satisfied with each other, and Bellequene, who was always there to spur on his godson, heard Mlle. Adelaide whisper her mother, "My intended is all I wish this evening."

"He seems duller than usual," said Mme. Chopard.

"To be sure he is, mamma—so much the better; it

is his love which makes him melancholy and absent. Oh, I will lead him such a dance! it is my turn now," and Mademoiselle was backward and forwards, running from one to the other. She laughed aloud as she chased a fly about the room, and played all sorts of baby tricks.

Jean looked at her from time to time in a way that did not much resemble admiration, and at length seemed to forget her altogether.

Chopard said to Bellequeue, "My daughter is on the high rope. What folly! What coquetry, and all to manage her intended. She already knows her power well; she is as wild as a young colt—but she has not the same objection to a bridle—*bridal*—ah, capital pun that! Mme. Chopard, recollect that."

Jean took no share in the conversation, he could think of nothing but the preceding night's adventure. He endeavoured to laugh and talk as usual, but in spite of himself he became absent, and his thoughts wandered. M. Chopard asked him, what he was thinking about; and Jean, who felt a secret pleasure in talking on the subject, related all that had occurred in the Rue des Trois Pavillons.

They were all in raptures at the courage of the young man—"To stop a robber alone," said M. Chopard; "when he might have been armed!"

"You ran a dreadful risk," said Mme. Chopard.

Jean shrugged his shoulders. Bellequeue alone thought the conduct of his godson quite natural.

"You must admit," said Adelaide, "that the ladies could be no great things to be walking alone at that time of night."

"True," said M. Chopard, "you were very wrong in exposing yourself for such ——"

Jean looked angrily at the bride expectant, muttering, "Mademoiselle, I can take care of myself;" and

feeling very much annoyed at their remarks on the ladies, he said nothing of his visit to Mme. Dorville, but hastily bidding them good night, he took his leave.

Several days passed. Jean did not feel his spirits so good as heretofore. He went as usual to the cafè and billiard,table, but found no amusement, and his stay was short. When at the Chopards, he was sometimes a quarter of an hour without speaking a word. Mlle. Adelaide was more than ever convinced that it was his love for her that made him silent and melancholy; and Madame said to her daughter, "My dear child, had not we better hasten the marriage? your intended will die of love."

"So much the better — so much the better," said Mlle. Adelaide, "I sighed; it is now his turn; let me enjoy my triumph."

"True, very true," said M. Chopard, "she sighed first, he is groaning now — and it will be her turn to groan next, Ha, ha, ha! — my fourth to day."

Jean could not understand himself, what it was that ailed him. He often thought of Mme. Dorville, and could scarcely forgive himself for thinking so much of a woman of whom he knew so little. "She is very handsome," he often said, — "oh, she is charming — but what is that to me, who will never see her again. If I choose though — for she invited me to visit her — but what should I do there — in those fine rooms, where all is ceremony — where one must speak, sit, and get up according to rule. Psha, don't think of it — I was never born for such company as that."

Nevertheless, Jean thought of little but the fine lady; he burnt with desire to see her again — he did all he could to dismiss her from his mind. His old haunts had ceased to please, and one morning he re-

paired to Bellequeue's where he had not been for a long time.

Bellequeue was not within, having gone out to pay some visits in the neighbourhood; for being no longer jealous of his godson, whom he thought completely occupied with Mlle. Chopard, the *ci-devant* perruquier had ceased to watch his little house-keeper, and left her alone without any uneasiness.

It was Rose, then, who opened the door: she drew back, saying, "How! is that you, M. Jean?"

"Yes, Rose, it is I —"

"Well, who would have thought of seeing you!"

"Is not my godfather within?"

"No, sir; of course you only came to see him," said Rose, pettishly.

Jean paid no attention, but walking into a room, seated himself in an arm-chair. The little housekeeper followed, settling her hair and arranging more symmetrically the points of her collar.

"Do you know, M. Jean, you have not been here since — since ——"

"Yes, I know — some time ago," said Jean, in an absent manner, and not noticing Rose's little airs.

"It was the day when my master returned so suddenly whilst we were talking. You got me well scolded: why did you say you had been kissing me? those things ought never to be mentioned, and one is not prevented from doing it again if one chooses."

Jean made no reply for some moments, then said, "Psha! what trash all this is."

"How! trash! why my master was as red as a turkey-cock—but what do you care?—when one's head is full of other things, one thinks no longer of what one thought of before—because you are going to be married you are so serious I suppose: upon my word,

I should not know you again — you, who used to be so lively, always laughing and joking — Mlle. Chopard ought to be very proud of having turned your head so completely."

Jean looked at Rose, then muttered, "Mlle. Chopard turn my head!"

"Why, every body says so: besides any one may see with half an eye that there is something the matter with you. You ought to be very happy, however, as you are going to marry your beauty—it is very odd though—how astonished I was when I heard of this marriage, yes—I don't know why—but I never could have believed—I know Mlle. Adelaide is a very fine woman; rather too much of her perhaps—but beauty is all a matter of taste. There are some people who says she walks like a man—has a large nose—bull eyes—square chin, and bushy eyebrows. But, what matter? that has nothing to do with happiness."

Jean payed but little attention to Rose; all at once he cried, "Ah, if you did but know how handsome she is."

"Good God, sir, don't I tell you I know it!" said Rose pettishly; "but I must say I don't see any thing so very extraordinary."

"You know her!" said Jean, with surprise.

"Certainly."

"No, Rose, you do not know her."

"That's a good one, I don't know Mlle. Chopard!"

"Who the devil is speaking of Mlle. Chopard?" said Jean, stamping on the ground.

It was now Rose's turn to look surprised. "What! sir, were not you speaking of her when you said 'How pretty she is?'"

"No, Rose, no; it was another person — a young lady."

"A young lady!"

"Yes, and it is she who is so charming."

"Who is this young lady?"

"I will tell you all about it, Rose."

So saying, Jean caught hold of the little girl and seated her on his lap.

"Well, sir, what are you about, pulling me in this way — a man too, almost the same as married!"

"Be quiet, Rose, and listen to me; I am not in a humour for trifling."

"I see as much!" said Mlle. Rose, pouting a little; but she remained on his knees whilst Jean related his acquaintance with Mme. Dorville from first to last.

Rose listened very attentively; she was quick, and seeing the pleasure Jean took in speaking of Mme. Dorville, she asked him a thousand questions about her.

"She is then a very pretty woman, sir?"

"Oh yes, Rose, a face that strikes immediately—and you know that I am not easily struck, and, besides, take very little notice of all this, unless indeed —— there is something rather remarkable."

"And is she young?"

"About twenty, I suppose."

"Tall?"

"About the middle height, but such a figure — so graceful!"

"Was she well dressed?"

"Yes, elegantly."

"What gown had she?"

Jean moved impatiently, which made Rose jump up.

"Do you think I amused myself by handling the stuff of her gown?—I tell you she is a lady — of fashion, in a word."

"You did not mention your visit to this lady to the Chopards?"

"No, why should I ?"

Certainly; you are the master of your own actions, and it is very kind of you to worry yourself — did you go again to the lady's house ?"

"No, do you think I could go again, Rose ?"

"Why not ? did not the lady invite you ? — You rendered her a service, and she will be very happy to see you again ; it's all very natural, and I think you will find her a very agreeable acquaintance."

Jean, delighted, hugged Rose in his arms and kissed her over and over again, which the little housekeeper submitted to very patiently, crying, "Will you have done then — if my master was to come home, he would think that — whilst God knows nothing could be more innocent ?"

Jean kissed Rose once and again, and rising suddenly, cried, "You are right, I'll go and see Mme. Dorville."

"Go, sir, go," said Rose to Jean, who ran off as hard as he could. The little girl rubbing her hands, said, "Oh, I am delighted at this, I see how it will be. Ah, M. Bellequeue; you will make up matches without consulting me: very good, we shall see—M. Jean is no more in love with Mlle. Chopard than my thumb — so much the better ; I can't bear those Chopards — pretending to treat me like a common servant."

Jean returned home. When once he had taken a determination, he was uneasy till it was executed; he had resolved to go that very day to Mme. Dorville's. But he recollected the elegance of the lady of the house, and, for the first time in his life, Jean thought of dressing himself. When last in the Rue Richer, he had been as slovenly as possible ; this time he determined to be otherwise, and then, said he, "I shall feel at my ease, and I see no reason why I

should be dressed like an ostler. I will show this lady that, when I please, I can dress as well as other people."

Jean put on a pair of new pantaloons, well polished boots, and a white waistcoat, but failed when he came to the cravat; never having taken much pains before, he found it a harder task than he expected. He rumpled three without success, and stamped on the ground in despair. His mother heard the noise and hastened to his room.

"I can't tie my cravat," said Jean, with a desponding look.

"Stay, stay, my dear boy, don't be impatient; let me do it for you."

The good mamma chose one of the best starched, and fastening it tightly round his neck, she tied it in a large bow in front. Unfortunately bows were quite out of fashion; but Jean was as ignorant on the subject as his mother. He put on his best blue coat, and stopping before a glass, which he had never done before in his life, he passed his hand through his hair, and arranged it a little on one side. Then taking his hat, he went out, leaving his mother lost in admiration.

"He is in love, indeed, poor fellow! Mademoiselle Chopard may well be proud, for she is the first for whom he ever dressed himself."

Jean took a cab, in order not to splash himself, and that he might arrive the sooner. He soon reached Madame Dorville's in the Rue Richer, settled with the driver, and jumping hastily out of the cab, he entered the house. His heart beat high; he felt in a way he could not describe, and his limbs shook as he asked the porter if Madame Dorville was within.

"Walk up, sir, Madame is within."

"She is within," said Jean, ascending the stairs.

He felt almost sorry that it was so; although he had come for no other purpose than to see her.

"How will this lady receive me?" said Jean, walking up slowly. "Most likely she will think it odd, though she invited me to return—what shall I say to her?— first I will ask her how she is — that is easy enough. I am sure I am dressed quite well enough for the occasion—besides, I know very well — *Sacre bleu!* what a cursed ass I am to be upset in this way when merely paying a visit—why should I feel thus?— An't I worth this lady, and all her acquaintances put together — Let us see."

Jean was before the door; he rang, the servant opened it.

"Madame Dorville?" said Jean, raising his voice in order to gain courage.

"Madame is within, sir — Your name, sir?"

"Jean Durand."

The servant opened the door of the drawing-room and announced M. Jean Durand. It was just two, the most fashionable hour for receiving and paying visits. There were already with Madame Dorville, Madame Beaumont, two fashionable looking women, and a foppish young man, good looking, but who seemed to know it too well.

When M. Jean Durand was announced, Caroline seemed to be trying to recollect who it could be. The fop rose, and the ladies turned their heads towards the door, to see this gentleman whom they had never heard of before, and whose name and surname sounded somewhat strangely.

Jean was as red as a turkey-cock, though meaning to be quite at ease. He had his hat in one hand, and his gloves in the other, thinking it would look more knowing than to put them on. As the servant had announced him, he felt he must proceed, though

he scarcely knew which leg to advance. Summoning all his courage, he swung himself into the room; but at the sight of so many strange eyes fixed on him, Jean, was bewildered, and quite forgot where he was. He drew back a step; in vain he sought Madame Dorville, and bowing at random, knocked his head against a bookcase — starting back, he upset a chair and his feet became entangled in the carpet which he dragged after him, and with it several articles of furniture.

The dandy hastened to his assistance, saying, "Don't move—for God's sake stop—let me help you."

It was no longer in Jean's power to move, he was petrified. His hat and gloves fell from his hands, and he did not attempt to pick them up. The stifled laugh of the ladies rang in his ears, but he saw nothing.

All this was the work of a moment. Caroline who had recognized him, rose, and went towards him. The dandy took the young man by the hand and liberated him from the carpet. Madame Dorville smiled graciously at Jean, and asked after his health.

Jean tried to reassure himself, and bowing, stammered, "Good God, Madame, I beg you a thousand pardons if I have upset"—

"Oh! sir, don't mention it; pray be seated."

Caroline offered a chair to Jean, who threw himself in it with all the feelings of a shipwrecked sailor, when he gains the land. However, his hat and gloves were still terribly in his way, and he changed them alternately from the right hand to the left.

"How very kind of you, sir, to recollect my address," said Caroline, endeavouring to put Jean at his ease by engaging him in conversation.

"Madame, I have never forgotten it," replied Jean, "and I should have called much sooner if I had thought—if I could have believed—"

"You have probably been in the country," said Caroline quickly, who saw that Jean would never get through his sentence.

"No, Madame, I have remained here."

"When do you leave town, my dear friend?" said Madame Dorville to one of the ladies, in order to make the conversation general, as she saw that the ladies were struck with Jean's appearance, and that M. Valcourt, the dandy, could not take his eyes off him.

"I really can't say," replied the young lady, affectedly, "I have so much still to do in Paris. Not a moment I can call my own—so many visits to pay—purchases to make—and my husband takes no trouble whatever—it is too bad."

"Madame de Walen was in a pretty rage yesterday. What do you think of her husband bringing home a dozen persons to dinner without giving her the least notice—people of consequence too—academicians and men in office.—It is really too much. Two or three people might be excused, but twelve—"

"M. Beaumont served me so once; and what do you think I did? I went out and left him to entertain his company by himself."

"Ah! you wicked creature!"

"But Madame Beaumont has a very strong mind," said the fop, balancing himself on his chair. "She is equal to the part of your Athalias or Agrippinas."

"Oh, no, indeed! I am much too nervous."

During this conversation, Jean looked up at the ceiling, then at his feet, crossed and re-crossed his legs, and did not know what to do. M. Valcourt was amusing himself all the time with Jean's figure, dress, and particularly his immense bow. The ladies exchanged very significant looks with each other.

Caroline, always kind and good-hearted, alone took

any pains to make Jean feel at his ease; though she feared, that engaging him in conversation would but make him betray his deficiencies. For his part, Jean would fain have spoken, but knew not what to say; he, however, stole a look at Caroline whenever he could do so, without encountering her eyes.

"You were not at Madame Dorsan's last *soirée*," said one of the ladies. "You, too, who are so fond of music—you had such a loss—they sang such sweet things."

"For my part," said the fop, "I heard nothing very extraordinary; do you mean that immense girl, who so cruelly murdered the air in *la Gazza?*—or the gentleman who thinks he has a fine counter tenor because he takes so much snuff, and is never without a cold? or Madame Quinville and her young brother, whom she puffs as a first rate singer, that she may sing second with him?—And Mademoiselle Herminie on the harp!—oh! what martyrdom! always the variations on Robin des Bois—and you know her taste—no style—no execution whatever. As for the gentleman who strummed the guitar—you must admit it was in the style of Good King Pepin."

"Oh, M. Valcourt, you are too bad! you run down every thing!"

"I—not at all: I merely tell the truth. In fact, there is nothing so unbearable as bad music. I am sure this gentleman agrees with me."

This question was addressed to Jean, who, since his entrance, had listened with open mouth, but had not ventured to say a word. He turned towards Valcourt and said, "Bad music! Egad, I don't know bad from good. I am very thick-headed at all that."

The fop smiled disdainfully; the ladies looked at each other, and Caroline hastened to say, "There are many people who are not fond of music—besides every

one has not time for it. By the bye, who has seen the new piece at the Vaudeville? I hear it is very good."

"Yes, not bad. There are some well turned couplets in it; though I don't think much of the denouement."

"Have you seen it, sir," said Valcourt, who seemed determined to draw Jean out.

"I seldom go to the theatre," said Jean, trying to put on a good face. "One must be seated so long—in the same place: it makes me as dull as ditch-water."

The ladies made a slight movement of surprise. Valcourt looked at them, and bit his lips. Jean, who conceived it must be quite fashionable to balance himself on his chair like the fop, threw himself backwards and forwards, humming a tune at the same time, to show how perfectly he felt at home. But this graceful exercise being quite new to him, he executed the movement with too much spirit, and fell with his chair against a window which he smashed in atoms.

This accident increased Jean's confusion: the ladies and Valcourt whispered together. "Here is a gentleman determined to make his way—a most agreeable companion in a drawing-room—What an odd figure! —And his dress—pray ladies oblige me by admiring that bow—What singular expressions he uses—Where the devil can Mme. Dorville have picked up such an acquaintance?"

Caroline waved Jean's apologies, and replied—"It's a——I am to blame, sir—I should have told you that those chairs were easily upset—however, you are not hurt; that is the principal thing."

Jean moved himself as far from the window as he could, by which means he was brought close to the ladies. Caroline, who guessed he was the subject of

the whispering she heard, turned to Madame Beaumont, saying, "By the bye, my dear friend, I ought to have introduced this gentleman to you. You also must thank him for the services he rendered us the night we were attacked by the robber; for though I was the only one who lost any thing, yet you came in for a full share of the fright."

"What! is this the gentleman?" said Madame Beaumont; and Jean rose a little in the opinions of the rest of the party by this explanation.

"Yes, my dear friend," rejoined Caroline, "this is the gentleman, who though alone, stopped the robber, and afterwards escorted us to the carriage. You must recollect how frightened we were, and that we thought ourselves but too lucky in the protection which this gentleman was kind enough to afford us."

Caroline said this with a slight degree of emphasis. Madame Beaumont inclined her head, and expressed her thanks; to which Jean replied, "It is not worth talking about, Madame; I should have done the same for the first comer." M. Valcourt smiled ironically.

"Good heavens! what is this, my dear Caroline?" said one of the ladies who was seated near Jean, "don't you smell something — if it were winter, I should say your chimney was smoking."

"Why really — I do smell something like smoke," said Madame Beaumont.

"It is not exactly the smoke you mean, ladies," said Valcourt, "what you smell is the smoke of a pipe."

"Of a pipe!" said the three ladies in disgust.

"Oh, *sacre!* there is no doubt of it," said Jean. "It is I who smell of it. The infernal tobacco poisons one's clothes,—I did not smoke to-day, however."

There was no reply, but looks any thing but gracious were exchanged. Caroline herself seemed to partake of the general contagion.

Shortly after, the two ladies jumped up together, embraced Madame Dorville, saying, "Adieu, my dear, we must save ourselves;" and they disappeared without vouchsafing a look at Jean.

He remained on his chair, no longer balancing but sitting bolt upright, following every movement of Caroline with his eyes.

The coxcomb soon rose also; he walked once or twice up and down the room, looking at himself in the glass, and whispered Mme. Beaumont. He kissed Mme. Dorville's hand, and made his adieu, smiling in the most gracious manner.

Jean watched all this whilst seated on his chair, to which he seemed nailed. Mme. Dorville had seated herself by Mme. Beaumont. The conversation languished, as the ladies only exchanged a word, now and then, and Jean did not dare open his mouth. He could not take his eyes off Caroline. He said to himself, "Since all the company are gone, I ought to be moving also;" and still he could not bring himself to stir.

At the end of five minutes, Mme. Beaumont said, "This smell of smoke is dreadful for the head."

"Yes, true, when one is not accustomed to it," replied Mme. Dorville languidly.

Jean was as if struck with a thunderbolt. He started up, and bowing to Caroline, "Excuse me, Madame; if I had had the least idea how disagreeable this smell is to you, I should have left long ago."

"But, sir, let not that take you away," said Caroline politely but coldly.

"I beg pardon, Madame, I see very well — I now perfectly comprehend that with you one must ——"

Still speaking, Jean reached the door, his eyes fixed on Mme. Dorville. All at once, plaintive cries are heard. Jean had stumbled over a pretty cat, whose tail he had almost crushed.

"I am most damnably awkward to-day," said Jean in utter despair; and, whilst the lovely woman was stooping to take up her cat, he threw himself into the anti-chamber—all but upset the servant who was going to open the door for him—and at last found himself clear of Mme. Dorville's house.

Jean returned home perfectly miserable. He threw himself on his bed, but could not remain a moment in the same position; then seeing on his table the pipe which he generally used, he seized it in a rage, and dashed it in pieces.

CHAPTER IV.

Bellequeue had called on Mme. Durand, and she told him of the extraordinary toilette her son had made before going out, and of the very particular care he had taken with his cravat. There was no resisting this evidence; and Bellequeue had now no doubt that his godson was really very much in love.

"You see," said he, "what a capital hit it was of mine—this marriage. Jean will become a charming man."

"He was always that."

"Yes, but he will be still more so; he will please more in company. I have observed that he is already weaning himself from billiard-tables and cafés."

"I have observed the same."

"A proof of love—you will see Jean will become quite gallant."

"That would surprise me."

"Why, Mlle. Adelaide has told her father and mother in confidence, who have whispered it to me, that she would before long bring her intended to her feet."

"Yes, but, poor fellow! I won't have him teased too much."

"Don't be uneasy, you know very well that marriage soon puts an end to all this sighing."

"Much too soon, sometimes."

"It only wants three weeks of the day named by the lovely bride that is to be — it will quickly pass in soft looks, tender pressures, gentle sighs — how delightful is the time of courtship! — Ah, my dear gossip, it is not the honey-moon, it is true; but some folks swear it is as much superior to it as is the sun to the moon."

Bellequeue returned home, already thinking of his wedding-dress, as he intended to figure amongst the dancers. He placed himself before a glass, trying to make out some of the pretty steps he had seen at M. Mistigris's ball.

Mlle. Rose gave a wicked look at her master, and asked him what he was doing.

"I am trying to recollect a step or two for Jean's wedding-day."

"Oh, the wedding takes place soon?"

"Three weeks hence."

"You have time enough, then, to practice your steps."

"Little enough; there is no saying — Jean is so terribly in love that he is very likely to hurry the day."

"Oh, M. Jean is in love with Mlle. Chopard?"

"Yes, my dear, so much in love that he is quite changed — it makes him melancholy. No later than this morning he dressed himself out in a way — his mother even believes, though she did not positively assure me of the fact, that Jean rubbed some pomatum in his hair — that makes you laugh."

"Oh, it was not at that — something I was thinking of."

"Ah, you are annoyed at these young people agreeing so well together — you said that the marriage was so ill-judged."

"Oh, I assure you, I don't — I don't care about it — what business is it of mine?"

"A woman's self-love, that must always be in the right — no matter, I must be off to my tailor's."

"What to do there?"

"To order a pair of black kerseymere pantaloons, made tight, and to button at the ancle, for Jean's wedding-day."

"If you take my advice, sir, you will wait awhile before ordering your tight pantaloons."

"Why?"

"Why, wait, and you will see; who knows what may happen?"

"Ah, you monkey, you still want to persuade me that Jean does not idolize Adelaide Chopard — I will go order my pantaloons."

After he had broken his pipe, Jean went out; and, having no object in view, he walked on as chance directed, still thinking of his morning visit to Mme. Dorville.

"She did not invite me to call again," said Jean, sighing; "No doubt she had enough of me — what blunders I committed! and how odd too! — in vain I tried to gain confidence — I could neither advance or recede—I knew not what to do with my arms, my mouth, or my nose — I am sure I must have made the most horrible faces whilst trying to sit at my ease — my eyes alone — ah! I well know on whom they were fixed — she seemed even still prettier this time than the last; and yet she did not smile on me half so often—there was something cold in her manner which went to my heart — but her voice, always

so soft and so touching — I should have pleasure in listening to her, even if she scolded me — good God! what a fool am I, always thinking of this woman whom I shall never see again — I have no excuse for going back; she did not ask me.—Oh, it is all over— I must think of something else—it is useless to trouble myself about a person whom I scarcely know— about a woman, a coquette — no doubt she has had a hearty laugh with her friends at my expence; and that fine gentleman, too, who tittered to himself: if I had but been sure he was laughing at me, I would have caned him soundly — to tell the truth I was awkward enough: when I wished to speak I could find nothing to say — they must have thought me as stupid as a goose; but what do I care? I shall never see these people again — I should like well enough to see Mme. Dorville sometimes; but after all, what good would it do me? besides, I have no longer any excuse for calling, and I feel so ill at ease there —if she were alone I think I should do better — that is, I should know what to say to her."

After walking about a considerable time, Jean went to a restaurateur's and ordered dinner, but his appetite failed him, and he could touch nothing. He repaired to a theatre to distract his attention. All in vain; he took no interest in the business of the stage — his thoughts wandered; discontented with himself, he left the theatre, saying, "I'll try the Chopards; at least I shall not be alone there; they will speak and I must reply, and it may put this woman out of my head, which I find it at present almost impossible to do."

It was near ten when Jean reached the Chopards, there was company, and he had been expected all the evening. Bellequeue went, in order to see Jean in

full dress; a due report of which he had made to Mlle. Adelaide, who, as the time slipped, knew not what to think of the non-arrival of her intended.

Jean appeared just as the party was about to break up.

"A pretty hour to come at," said Mlle. Adelaide, pettishly.

"We were beginning to be uneasy about you, my dear friend," said Bellequeue.

"We could manage the apricot and cherry without him," said M. Chopard, "and now we have got the pear—*pair*—ha, ha, ha!—Well brought in that."

"And pray whence do you come, sir?" said Adelaide.

"From the play, Mademoiselle."

"The play! what an idea! going alone to the play! And was it for the play you dressed yourself so handsomely?"

"No, I assure you."

"You see," said Bellequeue to Adelaide, "he did not dress himself for the play."

"Upon my word he is quite magnificent to night," said papa Chopard, walking round him, "he has a look — quite chivalrous."

"And what did you see so very engaging at the play, sir?"

"Upon my word, Mademoiselle, it would puzzle me very much to tell you. I was so absent — my mind was so taken up with other things, that I actually came away without knowing what they were playing."

Mlle. Adelaide appeared perfectly well satisfied with this explanation; whilst Bellequeue whispered the Chopards, "Well, what do you say now: is not it just as I told you?"

"Egad, yes; I was very much in love with Mme.

Chopard it is true, but I confess, the evening before we were married, I went to see *Le Pied de Mouton*, and got by heart the song beginning '*Gusman ne connaît plus d' obstacle*,' and which, by-the-by, I sang at our wedding party. You recollect, wife, don't you, the emphatic manner in which I gave—

"Tu dois t'attendre à des miracles,
Et pour toi qui n'en ferait pas."

"M. Chopard hold your tongue, Adelaide is listening."

"Well, what harm; is not she going to be married? she will soon sing her song; oh, oh, oh!"

Jean did his best to be lively. He joined in the conversation— said every thing that came in his head, made wrong answers to what was said to him, and did not seem to know extremely well what he was about. But his company were well pleased with him. At every mistake he made they laughed aloud, exchanged looks, and whispered; and Mlle. Adelaide was decidedly of opinion that Jean had never before been half so amiable.

On leaving the Chopards, Bellequeue proposed that they should go into a smoking-house.

"I smoke no more," replied Jean, quickly.

"You smoke no more!" said Bellequeue, looking with astonishment at his godson. "Since when, pray?"

"Since——to day."

"What! you, who are so fond of smoking?"

"I am fond of it no longer."

"Did it make you sick?"

"No, it is not that—but I have observed that——in general—women dislike the smell of tobacco—and —I will smoke no more!"

Bellequeue was almost overcome with this proof of

his cravat in the struggle that had taken place between the two coachmen.

Bellequeue said, "Come, I suppose we shall get off now."

"To be sure, to be sure, honest man."

"*Dites donc*, coachman," said the young Englishman, putting his hat on, "*vous avez pas dit le prix à moi?*"

"'Tis all the same, Milord, we never have but one price; you may safely trust me." So saying, the coachman jumped off his seat to catch a nurse, whom he saw surrounded by several of his comrades, whilst Bellequeue half suffocated with rage, cried, "We insist on starting immediately."

"*Monsieur*," said the Englishman, addressing Bellequeue, "*voulez vous bien dire à moi combien coutait la meme chose?*"

Bellequeue looked at the Englishman, then scratched his head, and turning to Mme. Durand, he said, "I don't exactly understand what he means."

"*Je demandais à vous combien la meme chose que le* coachman *voulait faire payer.*"

"Ah, I take, you want to know the fare."

"Yes."

"Twenty sous is the regular fare; but if you don't make a bargain they make you pay twenty-five."

"*Est ce que c'etait le usage ici que les* coachman *emportaient les voyageurs de force dans leur voiture?*"

"What did he force you in?"

"Yes; *il avait disputé moi à un autre qui me avait saisi par le cravate, en disant toujours que je serais bien content de son petite cheval; heureusement que le cravate avait déchiré sans quoi il étranglait moi quand celui-ci me emportait.*"

"They have certainly a very *taking* way," said Bellequeue.

"We are not moving a step," said Mme. Durand. It's past ten o'clock, I have lost all patience. Let us get out."

"I'll cane this rascal," said Bellequeue, brandishing his stick out of the window. He was just stepping out of the coach, when the driver came up, dragging the nurse in triumph, and to whom, when seated comfortably between Bellequeue and the Englishman, he handed her baby, saying, "We shall be off now; we shall be beyond the barrier in less than no time."

"I'll tell you what, coachman," said Bellequeue, very angrily, "if you do not start at once ——"

"Gently, gently, my good man; don't you see we are the same thing as full."

At length he mounted his box; but instead of driving off, kept turning from side to side, crying as loud as he could bawl, "A rabbit! a rabbit for St. Germains!"

"*Qu 'est ce que il avait donc à appeler ainsi des lapins?*" said the Englishman to the nurse; who replied,

"Well, why should not he — to be sure he'll get a load if he can."

The Englishman stared, but held his tongue. Madame Durand, who had been looking at the child, whispered Bellequeue, "How different from my son!"

"As unlike as a Titus and a tail," said Bellequeue.

The young people in the corner took no notice of any thing, being entirely occupied with themselves. Bellequeue, seeing that they did not move, was going to collar the coachman, when an ill-dressed little man, with a bundle in a red pocket handkerchief under his arm, jumped up on the bar by the side of the driver, after having bowed very respectfully to the inside passengers. The coachman whipt his horses,

which went off at a footpace, still bawling, "One rabbit for St. Germain; only one rabbit and then we are full."

"How now! you vagabond," said Bellequeue, "are you going to take any more?"

"Why not?" said he, "you would have me starve?"

"You actually mean then that your horse shall draw nine people?"

"Nine—that's the lowest number; we often have twelve."

"Why we shan't get to St. Germain this morning."

"Wait—you'll see—the heavier my load, the faster my horse will go. A rabbit!"

Fortunately a country woman soon filled the vacant seat, and he whipped his horse in earnest. The *coucou* rolled merrily forwards to St. Germain. Mme. Durand smiled, and said, "How lucky." Her two neighbours smiled also, but said nothing; whilst the nurse, turning to the Englishman, said, "You see he has found his two rabbits." But he, thinking she made fun of him, sat sulkily silent.

The last rabbit, the countrywoman, and the nurse conversed with the coachman. Bellequeue ogled in turn the servant girl and Madame Durand. The little man, who was the first rabbit, untied his red pocket handkerchief and produced a most miserable pair of breeches on which he had been at work, for the little man was a tailor, and as he was carrying them home to a customer at St. Germain, he calculated on finishing them *en route*. He also produced a snuff-box, which he often presented to all in the carriage; but in stretching out his arm to offer it to Madame Durand, a violent jolt upset the box, and the snuff flew into the eyes of the Englishman, who was anything but pleased at the event, and as soon as he was able to see, seized the unfortunate tailor by the collar

and insisted on his boxing with him. Bellequeue endeavoured to re-establish peace, whilst the coachman roared in the ears of the Englishman, "Do you mean to kill me a rabbit? Are you mad, milord?"

At length things were explained; every body was sneezing, for the carriage resembled a snuff shop, and they reached Nanterre reciprocating "God bless you!"

The carriage stopped—the coachman jumped down and held out his hand to the countrywoman. The little tailor disappeared with his breeches round a corner, thinking, perhaps, that the Englishman would renew his invitation to a party of fistycuffs. They were soon surrounded by the venders of the cakes for which Nanterre is so celebrated. "Let us alight," said Bellequeue to Madame Durand, who was not well pleased at the stoppage. The unfortunate horse had need, however, of a little breathing time. The young people in the corner got out also, but instead of entering the inn, and partaking of cakes and ratafia with the others, they slipped quietly into a field and followed a footpath which ran by the side of the road. Madame Durand ate a few cakes by way of passing the time. Bellequeue cast a hasty glance in the only glass which adorned the room, and seeing that his hair had suffered little by the journey, devoted all his cares to his companion.

The half hour, which seemed a day, at length elapsed, and the coachman came to announce that all was ready. Madame Durand was one of the first to get into the carriage; the nurse next, and then the Englishman came, who held on his knees a dozen and a half of the Nanterre cakes. The little tailor reappeared stitching on a button; the wretch smelt of onions enough to preserve a whole city from the plague. The countrywoman got up, and the party was complete with the exception of the two young

people in the corner, for whom the coachman began whistling, as if to his horse, crying, "Where the devil can they be hid? They were not in the inn."

"They took a walk in the fields," said Bellequeue, with a knowing look.

"Of course they go no farther," said Madame Durand, who was dying to get on. Just then the young people appeared. They jumped in to the carriage, seemingly in very high spirits.

Madame Durand observed that the girl's dress was a little rumpled, and the gentleman's ears extremely red.

Bellequeue pinched her knees gently, saying "How absurd to keep us in this way! Politeness should never be forgotten on any account."

The remainder of the journey was pleasant enough, except that the smell of the onions superseded that of the snuff. When they arrived at the foot of the hill on which the town stands, several of the passengers alighted, as the horse, which was quite equal to a load of twelve people, could not now be expected to draw so well with only nine. The young man and his companion settled with the driver, and took one of the least frequented pathways — seclusion was all that was necessary to make a road pleasant to them: a fact which we have all experienced in our time.

Madame Durand and her son now breathed the same air. She seized on Bellequeue's arm, who would fain have picked his steps, for the pavement of St. Germain is not so good as in Paris, — but she hurried him on towards Susan's house, which they had no little difficulty in finding. At length, over a gateway on the Poissy road, they read, — "Jomard — Asses to let." Here Madame Durand quitted Bellequeue's arm, and opening the door, she saw four children

rolling on a dung heap, surrounded by ducks and fowls, and squabbling for a piece of bread, the colour of which it was impossible to tell. Bellequeue followed her on tiptoe as well he might. He examined the four children, the youngest of whom was about sixteen months old, and quite equal to play with his brothers.

"He is not amongst these," said Bellequeue.

"Oh, no; they are much too old. Susan, Mme. Jomard!—Susan, bring me my son—my dear Stanislas."

"Our pretty little Jean," said Bellequeue.

The nurse appeared at the door in an undress, which, to say the least, was not very becoming. "If here is not Monseiur and Madame!" hastily untying an apron none of the cleanest. How you have surprised me," said she.

"And my son—bring in my dear son."

"Oh, wait a moment; he is in his cradle, you will see how well he looks."

Mme. Durand followed Susan into the room. Her son's cradle stood by a large bed, in which the whole of the Jomard family slept; the parents at the head, the children at the foot.

Little Jean was asleep. Susan took him up and put him in his mother's arms, who covered him with kisses, and was delighted to see that he seemed quite well.

"His cap is rather dirty," said Mamma.

"I assure Madame, it was as white as snow this morning, but there is no keeping any thing clean for a moment.—But let his papa kiss him."

"Oh my husband could not come to-day; this is his godfather."

"Ah, I was sure I had seen the gentleman before."

Mme. Durand held the child up to Bellequeue, saying, "how well he looks!"

Bellequeue stooped down to kiss his godson, who, not well pleased at having been awoke, twisted his little fingers in the well powdered curls of his godfather. "What a fine child;" said Bellequeue, trying to rescue his endangered locks.

"I think there is a look of me," said Mme. Durand, walking towards the garden, which Susan pointed out to her.

While she gave way to all the tenderness of maternal love, the nurse took Bellequeue to see her own children, and to expatiate on their several perfections. She held up to him the youngest of sixteen months, who immediately slapped his cheeks with hands covered with dirt and God knows what. Another was behind Bellequeue, pricking the calf of his legs. A third made off with his three-cornered hat, which he first put on his head, and then threw up into a hayloft; whilst the eldest jumped on the beau's back, and began playing the drum with his queue. The poor godfather was at his wits' end; there was no managing four children at once.

"Take care — my hat — my queue! Stop, you funny little rogues, you will tear my coat. Mme. Jomard, for goodness' sake keep your children quiet."

Susan was almost bursting with laughter, at the little innocent gaieties of her children, and Mme. Durand, who had just joined them, could not help accompanying her, when she saw the miserable plight in which poor Bellequeue was. They had torn off the ribbon which tied his queue, and his hair hung loose about his shoulders and was blown over his face, which was covered with dirt from the children's hands.

"Why, Bellequeue, you look like a wild man of the woods," said Mme. Durand. The perruquier, who wished with all his heart, that the children had thought so before they came near him, chucked one of the dear little ones on a heap of straw, and Susan, seizing on a whip, which she used indifferently for the asses and her children, soon made them scamper away.

"You will dine with us, Madame," said the nurse. "Oh, I wish I had known you were coming — but we will give you the best we have."

"Any thing will be welcome, my dear Susan, so that it is in the company of my dear child."

Bellequeue, who began to have enough of the Jomard family, would have preferred dining at some *traiteur's* in the town, and proposed doing so to Mme. Durand, but she determined on staying where she was.

"A little bread and milk, and my child are all that I want:" and the poor godfather was compelled to conform to circumstances.

Whilst Susan was getting the dinner ready, and regretting the absence of her husband, who would not have the pleasure of seeing Jean's relatives, Bellequeue, after a long search, had discovered a piece of a broken looking-glass, before which, with the help of a little comb, which he always carried about him, he endeavoured to repair the disorder of his hair. Whilst he was washing his face, Mme. Durand, put a piece of barley-sugar into his mouth which her son had just been sucking, saying, "Dood! dood! he was so delighted sucking it — the little love."

"Very nice," said Bellequeue, wiping his mouth, and having searched in vain for some powder, he determined to shake a little flour on his disordered locks.

"Here is the dinner," said Susan. "Sit down,

Madame, and I hope you will excuse anything wanting. You are heartily welcome."

They sat down. Bellequeue found but one chair boasting four legs. His four little play fellows sat next him and Susan opposite. Mme. Durand would not permit her son to quit her arms. Some soup came first, in which a spoon might have stood upright; the children soon dispatched their allowance and held their plates for more.

"You will choke them," said Bellequeue.

"Oh, no, sir, it is good for them; see how strong they are." The eldest, to show his strength, tried to pull the chair from under his brother, who fell on Bellequeue, and sent a spoonful of soup over his waistcoat. The godfather lost all patience, and cried to Mme. Jomard, "Stop your little vagabonds." But Susan had gone to fetch a dish of pigeons, on which she had bestowed the greatest pains, and Bellequeue, after wiping his waistcoat, sat down to table, and helped Mme. Durand, who had been amusing herself by making her son suck some onions, which she then gave to Bellequeue, saying, "Here, eat them, your godson has tasted them and made them all the better."

To judge by the godfather's look, he was not exactly of that way of thinking. He swallowed the onions with a slight grimace, doing his utmost to keep clear of his little neighbours, who every now and then pounced their forks on his plate.

"Mme. Jomard," said Bellequeue, "I think it would be well if you taught your children not to meddle with the plate that is not before them."

"Bah, they are only in play; it is all by way of joke."

"Nothing more," said Mme. Durand.

"Oh, joke as much as you please, but there's

the second wing that little rascal has taken off my plate."

"Susan brought an *omelette au lard*, which formed the dessert. At the sight of this dish, the young ones set up a cry of joy, and each held out his plate.

"Be quiet," said Susan; and, as the children were fighting who should be helped first, one of the plates was upset on Bellequeue's knees.

The dinner was at last finished, and Bellequeue slowly drew his watch, saying, "We must not forget that we are a good distance from Paris. You have not been out before, and it will not do to be late. It is already five, and we must be moving, my dear gossip; it will be at least eight before we reach Paris."

"What, go already!" said Mme. Durand; "must I so soon quit my little jewel? How hard! but I will soon return. Mind, nurse, I shall often come to see him."

"Yes, Madame, and you will always find him well taken care of. Here, children, kiss the good lady, who has given me something to buy toys for you."

Bellequeue felt that this was a hint to him, and drew his purse and gave something also for the little wags, who had so much amused him. The little devils ran after him to kiss him, and he was horrified at the thought of another attack on his neckcloth and tail. So, hastily kissing his godson, and dodging the little Jomards, he slipped into the court-yard, picked his way through the ducks and fowls, and gained the door of the street, where he stood calling Mme. Durand, who at length tore herself from her child, throwing many a look behind.

"That Susan is a most excellent woman; and what a well conducted family those Jomards are," said Mme. Durand to her companion.

"Yes, extremely so," replied Bellequeue, hurrying

on lest the mamma should take it into her head to take one more kiss of her son.

They reached the coach-stand. Mme. Durand protested against entering any that was not nearly full. They found one in which there was only one inside place vacant.

"Do you get in," said Bellequeue, "and I will sit with the coachman; at least we shall get off the quicker."

Mme. Durand got in. Bellequeue made himself a rabbit, and off they went. Every thing promised favourably for their safe arrival, when, just as they neared the barrier, the horse came to a dead stop, and Bellequeue, not being prepared for any thing of the kind, was thrown forward and rolled in the mud. Fortunately, he escaped with a few bruises on the head, which would not have happened, Mme. Durand said, if he wore his hat like other people. With some difficulty the horse was got on, and at last brought them to their destination.

Mme. Durand leant on her companion, who limped a little, and reached her home, saying, "Well, my dear Bellequeue, what an extremely pleasant day we have passed."

"Oh, extremely agreeable indeed," said Bellequeue, leaning heavily on his cane.

"This shall not be our last trip, my friend; we will often go and see that good-natured Susan," to which Bellequeue made no reply, but contented himself with wishing Mme. Durand "Good night."

CHAPTER IV.

We do not dwell on the several changes in the child, nor record each tooth that he cut: we do not even accompany Mme. Durand in her visits to the nurse, nor, indeed, did our friend Bellequeue;—one happy day with the Jomard family had been enough for him.

Little Jean, when eighteen months old, could walk alone. Honest Jomard had taught him one or two imprecations, which he delivered with great effect; he made stout fight with his foster-brothers; he flung his bread or cake in the face of every stranger who tried to coax him, and, in a word, was in rude health and spirits. There was nothing more to be got by leaving him with his nurse, and it was decided that he should return to the paternal hearth.

M. Durand, who had not seen his son since the day of his birth, found him very much altered. He took him on his knees, which the child resisted as well as he was able, and put a piece of gum arabic into his mouth, which Jean spit out in his face. The herbalist then set him down, declaring that he was as fierce

He was answered, that M. Durand had moved upwards of a month, and that he was now residing in the Rue de Provence, Chaussée d'Antin.

M. Chopard was confounded for a moment. "Oh!" said he, "I see how it is—our lover has taken a lodging suitable for them when married: he thinks nothing too good for his wife—and is gone to the fashionable neighbourhood, Chaussée d'Antin. He meant it as an agreeable surprise, but I find out every thing."

M. Chopard directed his steps towards the Rue de Provence, where he soon found Jean's residence. He admired the house—the staircase, and said, "How delighted Adelaide will be! gilded rails—how magnificent! on every landing-place a statute in a niche! —upon my word, she will be well *niched!*—Ha, ha, ha! capital: I must not forget to tell that to Mme. Chopard."

Having reached the third story, M. Chopard rang, and Jean's servant opened the door.

"Is young Durand within?" said Chopard.

"No, sir, my master is not within."

"The devil!—he has gone out then; he does go out sometimes?"

"Every day—master is very seldom at home."

"No matter; I will go in: I sha'n't be sorry to see his rooms."

The servant, who read nothing like evil intentions in the round, fat, contented face before him, allowed M. Chopard to enter—but followed him from room to room.

"The devil! what elegance—extremely well furnished. When I said he meant to surprise——Have you heard your master talk of surprising any one?"

"My master said nothing of it to me."

"Well, for a lover, he is very discreet. Let us see

—this is the dining-room, of course ; fifteen people could not dine comfortably—but, after all, being only for his own family.—Ah ! here is the parlour, which I see is turned into a bed-room."

"My master has no parlour ; he does not see any company."

"Not now ; but he will by-and-bye. What is that ?"

"That is a little dressing-room."

"And then——"

"That is all, sir, with a room above, in which I sleep."

"All ! you don't say so ; why it is not half large enough : and the kitchen ?"

"There is none, sir."

"No kitchen ! the man is mad ; the most necessary thing of all."

"But my master is a bachelor."

"I know very well he is a bachelor now, but he won't long continue so : taking a lodging without a kitchen ! what the devil can he be thinking about ? Tell me, my friend, your master is still very melancholy, is not he ?—thinks of no amusement—takes no pleasure ?"

"Excuse me, sir, quite the contrary : he is out constantly—goes to balls and plays—rides on horseback—dresses himself at least twice a-day—and has not a moment to himself."

M. Chopard stared with astonishment. "'Gad ! this is the most singular grief I ever heard of ; I don't understand it : but Adelaide will soon find a key to his conduct. I will go and tell her the news."

M. Chopard returned, and related to his wife and daughter what he had heard. Madame Chopard looked her surprise, but prudently said nothing, in order to take her cue from her daughter. Adelaide

made no reply for some moments, but seemed overpowered with her feelings, and at length said, in a stifled voice, "Mother—for God's sake unlace me!—I can scarcely breathe."

"Ah! good heavens! my daughter is suffocated."

"What has she been eating—a third breakfast?" said M. Chopard.

"No, sir, it is M. Jean's conduct which overpowers me."

"Ah, no wonder," said Madame Chopard, "M. Jean's conduct is frightful."

"It is even extremely unpolite," said M. Chopard, pacing up and down the room with an indignant air.

"I know very well," said Adelaide, "that the trouble, the grief, occasioned by the death of his mother, must have driven many things out of his head—and that his heart was excusable."

"Certainly, certainly," said Madame Chopard; "and under such circumstances—poor young man!—he is very much to be pitied."

"I believe he has a good heart," said M. Chopard, drawing his handkerchief in a tender mood; "I never doubted the goodness of his heart."

"But not come near me for a month! not a word or line—to me, his intended bride, almost his wife—and for what? to run from one public place to another, spending his money with I know not whom,—'tis too much—it is not to be borne—it passes all bounds—it is a total forgetfulness of all propriety."

"Oh much too gross," said Madame Chopard; "it is actually unpolite and unpardonable."

"The conduct of a shoeblack," said M. Chopard, with a menacing look.

"And yet he loved me—you all saw the change love worked in him. He smoked no more—his attentions were most refined."

"And his melancholy, daughter—that tender melancholy, which spoke so plainly the passion you inspired."

"In a word," said M. Chopard, "love has quite turned his head."

"Papa, things cannot remain in this state. Let me but have M. Jean at my feet once more, and, oh! how I will treat his love!—Good heavens! with what disdain will I treat his love!"

"Quite right, daughter," said Mme. Chopard, "you, who unite so many attractions, will never want a husband; and you will find many as good as M. Jean Durand."

"Many much better," said M. Chopard, "for after all, I don't see anything so handsome in the young man — and his face —"

"Excuse me, papa, his face is good, and he is extremely well proportioned."

"Yes, he is very well made," said Mme. Chopard; "there is no denying that."

"And of a most gentlemanly appearance," said M. Chopard.

"But, papa, he must return — he must explain himself. I cannot remain as I am — I am in a false position."

"Quite right," said M. Chopard, "Egad, poor child! she does not know what leg to stand on. For my part, I think it is necessary—What do you think we had better do?"

"In the first place, papa, you must go to M. Bellequeue: tell him the conduct of his godson; and beg of him to see M. Jean and learn his intentions— his future intentions."

"You are right; he must be made to explain what are his future intentions — is not it? — stay—*future*—

that, is almost a pun. By the way, Bellequeue has the gout, and can't walk well yet."

"Well, papa, then let him take a coach !"

"The dear child ! she has always an answer ready."

"Well, daughter, should you not marry Jean Durand, there is many a man will be too happy ——"

"Yes, papa, but it is M. Jean whom I wish to marry."

"Well, daughter, you shall marry him," said Mme. Chopard ; and M. Chopard said to himself, as he set out for Bellequeue's, "Nothing can be clearer ; as she insists upon it, of course he must marry her."

CHAPTER VI.

JEAN had his own reasons for lodging in the Rue de Provence. There he was quite close to Mme. Derville, and he hoped that living in her neighbourhood, he might meet her sometimes. Not a day passed without his going through the Rue Richer: twenty times he was on the point of entering her house, but something restrained him. He could not bear the thoughts of a bad reception: a secret pride told him, that even love ought not to submit to contempt; education is not necessary to teach one that.

It was the middle of summer. Not meeting Caroline, either in the public walks or drives, Jean concluded she had left for the country, and he impatiently looked forward to the arrival of winter, which would once more bring her to Paris.

Jean had formed an acquaintance with a young man, named Gersac, who lived in the same house. This young man was one of those who passed their lives in amusement, and he had frequently offered to take Jean with him to parties; for as his thousand crowns a year were far too little for his wants, Gersac

often availed himself of the purses of his friends, and that of Jean was never closed against him. He at least, however, acted frankly and openly. He borrowed, but said candidly, that he did not know when it would be in his power to repay. He was the first to admit, that he had no order or regularity; and that he spent more than he was worth. One who admits them so readily, excuses more than half his faults.

Gersac was giddy and dissipated, but he was gentlemanly and clever, and his rattling manner covered his errors. He had seen Jean's character at a glance, and was pleased with his frankness and originality.

"My good fellow," said he to him, "you have hitherto lived in another world, and are as yet too new to that which you wish to know. But it is in you; you have money; and you cannot fail of soon attaining your point. You wish to be a young man of the world, fit to make your entrance any where; leave it to me; I will make a man of you."

Jean smiled, followed Gersac's advice, and had already accompanied him to two or three little parties, where he scarcely dared stir or open his mouth for fear of making blunders.

One morning, Gersac came down to Jean's room, and said, "I will take you with me this evening to a large party. A Concert—a ball—with punch, and I know not what, and all in first-rate style. It is given by an old bachelor, who rolls in riches, and who would die of ennui, if we had not the goodness to make him give five or six fêtes in the course of the year, and take there all the best company in Paris. As there is a handsome garden attached to his hotel, we always keep one of these fêtes for summer. You will come won't you?"

"With pleasure, though I still feel very awkward in company."

"No, you are much better; your address is improved. You lost your money nobly at the last party I took you to. But, why don't you speak — why don't you join the conversation?"

"I dread saying something absurd."

"Psha! you are too bashful. Besides, don't you know there is a great deal of absurdity talked in fashionable life? The only difference is, that said with confidence and pretension, it often passes for wit."

"I don't think mine would ever pass off that way."

"The music and singing —"

"I know nothing about them."

"No matter, you should always speak as if you did. One must always have an opinion: say, how charming! how divine! if you are mistaken, it is better than saying nothing."

"It is always this dam —— this fear of saying something foolish, that restrains me."

"By-the-bye, you must never swear; you must take care of that: excepting, perhaps, 'Deuce take me!' which you may say lightly and carelessly — never wet your thumb when you play cards: for shame, that is dreadful! Most luckily you lost five hundred francs the last time you did it, or you would never have been forgiven. This evening, you will see a very first-rate party—charming women—artists—bankers—a crowd of people."

"You alarm me."

"On the contrary, you will be more at your ease amongst three hundred people, than with twelve."

Jean promised to follow Gersac's instructions, and after dressing himself elegantly, he repaired with his introductor to the gay party, which was assembled at a handsome hotel in the Fauxbourg St. Honoré.

The party was large; Jean felt far from being at

ease, though in a crowd one is secure from observation. Gersac went through the formality of an introduction; he led Jean up to an old man of seventy, who muttered the usual phrases, to which Jean replied with a profound bow. The old gentleman passed on to another person. Gersac whispered, "That is all, you now know the master of the house, and you may mingle in the pleasures of the evening without taking any more notice of him. I shall leave you now. I can't always be stuck at your side, it would be absurd. But go walk about, play at cards, amuse yourself, and don't stand as stiff as a poker; we shall soon meet again."

Gersac walked away, and Jean was left to himself in a magnificent saloon, in the midst of two or three hundred people, who passed and repassed, looking at him sometimes with a smile, and sometimes whispering their companions. The brilliancy of the lights, and the different dresses—the noise of that war of words which was every where raging about him—the sound of the music—the enquiring looks of some young people, and the more mischievous regards of some pretty women, all helped to bewilder Jean, who scarce knew where he was, or what he ought to do: for, surrounded as he was, there was not one with whom he could exchange a sentence, as Gersac was already lost in the crowd.

Jean tried to reassure himself, and, hat in hand, (for Gersac had told him, that in large parties he ought never to separate himself from his hat), he walked about the sumptuously furnished rooms, where play, conversation and music, severally offered their attractions to the crowd, which filled them.

The entertainment was given on the ground-floor. and several of the rooms opened into the garden, in which many of the company were walking. Jean

had several times made the tour of the rooms. Whenever he met the master of the house, he bowed profoundly to him; who, with an astonished look, passed close by without stopping.

Jean drew up respectfully, or retired bowing, whenever a lady passed near him; he was surprised that his salute was not returned, and that no notice was taken of his politeness. Tired of walking about the rooms, he went into the garden, where there were different games; swings, and running at the ring, soon occupied a portion of the company. Jean looked on from afar, he dared not join in any amusement. His hat under his arm, he endeavoured to stifle the yawns which surprised him amidst all this pleasure.

From time to time Gersac passed and said, "Are you amused?"

"Not much."

"Why don't you do something? play—take a share in what is going forward."

"I don't know any one."

"No matter, chat and make acquaintances—come my man, get a little life in you."

So saying, Gersac left him, and Jean renewed his melancholy walk, saying nothing, and doing nothing.

All at once, ennui, and even restraint disappeared; another feeling took possession of Jean. The blood rushed to his heart, he remained immovable and agitated. He no longer saw what was passing around him. One object only filled his eyes. A well known form crossed the room: it was Caroline herself he beheld.

"She is here—how fortunate!" was his first thought. Still he remained in the same place as if he feared his eyes had deceived him. Caroline soon disappeared in the crowd, and Jean ran towards the room where he had seen her. He pushed forward without paying

any attention to the throng which encompassed him. He jostled, elbowed — no matter, on he went. He trod on the foot of a lady, tore the coat of a gentleman, and almost upset an old marchioness; but he stopped not to make excuses, and paid no manner of attention to the people about him, who cried," Good God! sir, what do you mean!"—" Who is this gentleman?" —" What a pretty way of walking in a ball-room!" —" He upsets every one." — " Who can this strange gentleman be?" — " He looks as if he thought the house was on fire."

But on Jean went, thinking of but one alone. At last he found her in the music room. She was seated near a young lady, and several gentlemen came up to speak to her.

Shall he, too, speak to Madame Dorville? he dare not. He wished that she might see him, and passed and re-passed before her; but the circle around Caroline prevented her remarking him. He seated himself melancholily in a corner of the room, from whence at least he could contemplate her in quiet. Fain would he have been amongst those who were near her; he envied the smiles which she directed to others, and was lost in admiration at the graces she displayed, and the charm which she threw around her.

The concert commenced. Several persons performed on the piano and harp; but Jean heard them not: all his soul was in his eyes, which he never took from off Caroline. But a young man approaches Madame Dorville, he takes her hand and leads her to the piano, at which another person is seated. Jean follows all their movements; he looks with anger on the young man who chats and laughs with Caroline. But what are his feelings when he hears him address

the most tender protestations to the lovely woman, who, in the most dulcet sounds, replies, she shares his love.

Jean's forehead is covered with a cold sweat. He clenched his hand, bit his lips, and was several times on the point of dashing towards the piano to annihilate the being who dared talk of love to Madame Dorville.

"How extremely well sung," said the lady, seated near to Jean. "What taste — what feeling — don't you think so, sir?"

This was addressed to Jean, who made no reply: he heard nothing but the singers.

"It's a duet in *les Aubergistes de Qualité*, is it not, sir?" said the same lady to Jean. Receiving no answer, she concluded that the young man was deaf and dumb.

The duet over, Madame Dorville returned to her place: she was again encircled and complimented by her friends.

Jean began to understand, that what he had heard was nothing but a song; but he felt all the happiness that might be derived from singing in that way with Caroline, and he bitterly regretted that he knew nothing of music.

He could restrain himself no longer: speak to her he must. He arose, and advancing suddenly toward the chair in which Mme. Dorville was seated, he stopped before her.

Caroline raised her eyes to the person who seemed to have planted himself opposite to her. With surprize strongly painted in her countenance, she recognized Jean: she addressed him in a friendly tone of voice, "What, is that you M. Durand?"

"Yes, Madame, it is I," replied Jean in an agitated voice; "you little expected to meet me here!"

"No, I certainly did not, for I think you told me you did not like company—parties."

"True, Madame, I once thought so, but I have dam——greatly changed since—since—some time."

"So I see," replied Caroline, throwing a hasty look on Jean's dress.

"Madame, you have been singing most divinely," said a young man, walking up to Mme. Dorville, before whom Jean still remained standing, "it is quite enchanting, quite ravishing, upon my honour—it is perfection itself."

"Ah, you are too good, sir," replied Caroline, smiling.

"No, I am only the echo of the whole room—I am sure this gentleman was just saying as much."

Jean looked at the young man and stammered, "No, sir, I was not speaking about it to Madame."

"I don't think you are very fond of music?" said Caroline to Jean.

"Yes, Madame, I am very fond of it now."

"A man must be a savage who would not be delighted to hear you," said the coxcomb, turning on his heel and fluttering away, to pay his homage elsewhere.

Jean was delighted at the gentleman's departure; for, though standing before Caroline, and not knowing what to say to her himself, he was yet unwilling that any one else should come to speak to her.

Caroline looked at Jean as if expecting he would address her; but he contented himself with looking and sighing, and twisting, into all manner of shapes, the unfortunate hat he held in his hand.

"I think I see crape on your hat," said Caroline, suddenly, "have you lost any friend?"

"Yes, Madame—I lost my mother about four months since."

"Your mother! Ah, how I feel for you: I can understand that you seek in company a relief from your grief."

"Oh—it was not relief I was seeking, but I—"

"Ah, Mme. Dorville, what still in Paris!" said a gentleman, who came and placed himself between her and Jean.

The latter looked angrily at the person who prevented his talking with Caroline, but he never left his place.

"I returned yesterday from the country, merely to spend eight days in Paris, and several ladies of my acquaintance almost forced me to come to this party."

"These ladies, in bringing you, have made the party complete: upon my word, we see you too little in the world — uniting so many accomplishments as you do, it is really a robbery on society not to embellish it with your presence more frequently."

Caroline smiled at this compliment; the gentleman kissed her hand gallantly, and withdrew.

Jean made a wry face, but did not move.

"Have you been here before?" said Caroline, after a moment's pause.

"No, Madame, this is the first time; and I was beginning to feel very tired, when I saw you."

"I can understand—when one is a stranger in the room—but don't you play?"

"I have played three or four times at *écarté*, but take very little interest in the game."

"At least you must be pleased at the sight of so many handsome dresses — so many fine women — there are several here."

"Several! ah, I have seen but one — but she — but that one ——"

"Mme. Dorville, you will sing again, won't you?"

said a little gentleman, who had an eye-glass in his hand, and came bowing to Caroline; whilst Jean said, "May the devil choke all these cursed babblers!"

Caroline excused herself for not singing any more, and the little gentleman went off in search of some one more complying.

Mme. Dorville looked again at Jean, who said, sulkily, "It appears it is impossible to say two words following here."

"In the world," replied Caroline, "many words are exchanged without much being said."

Just then, several ladies joined Mme. Dorville, and Jean was at length obliged to yield his place; but he got a chair and seated himself behind Caroline, as if determined to mount guard over her.

A large circle was soon formed around the amiable woman, who replied to each with wit and grace, and they took as much pleasure in listening, as in looking at her. Several persons drew their chairs towards hers — the conversation grew general — they spoke of the fine arts, news, literature, and the theatres. Many men, without wit, swelled her train, because they saw her much admired by men who possessed that quality. The conversation became lively, witty, and amusing. Caroline was pleasing without affectation; and if now and then a little satire escaped her, yet she never sought to shine at the expence of her best friends.

Jean took no share in the conversation. Seated a few steps behind Caroline, he listened to what was said, but never opened his mouth. Some people stared at him with astonishment. "He is a keen observer, no doubt," said others: there are not a few who mistake silence for observation.

Caroline looked at Jean from time to time, in a way

which showed she felt for his situation, as she alone could divine the cause of his silence.

The orchestra, directed by Tolbecque himself, now commenced playing, and his delightful quadrilles drew the dancers in crowds to the spot. Caroline was for a moment alone, she said to Jean, with a softened voice, "Why did not you take part in our conversation?"

"I venture to speak before all those people!" said Jean, who could no longer contain himself — "what am I but a brute, a curse — a wretched blockhead? Could I hazard a word without betraying my ignorance? Would you have me speak of things of which I know nothing—to make myself the laughing-stock of all your fashionable friends? Ah! how bitterly I feel my want of education; since I have known you, Madame I am aware of my own deficiencies: once I was satisfied with myself — too well satisfied perhaps. I thought that money was enough — that a man who was neither humpbacked nor bandy-legged, and had an open heart, had all that was wanted; but now ——"

"How is this, fair lady? Do you not join the dance?" said a young fashionable, presenting his hand to Caroline: "what are you thinking about? They are looking for you—every body is asking for you—oh, you must positively come."

Caroline yielded to the entreaties of the young man, she arose and accompanied him, taking leave of Jean with her eyes.

He stamped impatiently, as he watched Caroline's departure, and remained looking on the ground; there was only a few isolated couples left in the room, who paid no attention to him.

"What torture!" said Jean, "not to be able to speak a moment to her without interruption. Ah! she

would much rather dance than listen to me—let me shake off this weakness, and act like a man."

Just then Gersac passed through the room, and perceived Jean, seated in a corner lost in meditation.

"What the devil are you doing here?" said he.

"Why — I was reflecting."

"One does not come here to reflect; very often indeed, to get rid of reflection — why don't you mix in what is going on? Why don't you dance?"

"I can't dance."

"Play, then — do any thing, rather than remain stuck up there like a bear. There is a profusion of punch and ices; have you taken any?"

"No, I don't wish any."

"And I insist on your taking some punch — you must shake off this gloom — what the devil is the matter with you this evening? The principal thing in company, is to look pleased: nothing can be more unfashionable than to look sulky, we only indulge in that at home."

Gersac passed his arm through Jean's and drew him with him—made him drink several glasses of punch—pointed out the pretty women, and related several anecdotes of the day, and at length, pushing him to an *écarté* table, he said, "You are now up to the thing, try your luck, and no doubt fortune will favour you."

Jean seated himself to play by way of doing something; but his mind wandered, he thought only of Caroline, and paid little attention to his game, or to the remonstrances of the people betting on him.

"For God's sake, mind what you are about—you are committing us all terribly—that is not the card at all."

Jean lost; he betted, was again unfortunate; he soon lost all he had about him, and arose, out of tem-

per with the game. Gersac returned; "Well, what luck?" said he.

"I have lost twenty louis."

"So much the worse, but you will win them back some other time."

"I shall not try, for I am sick of your *écarté*. As if it was not enough to lose my money, but I must be overwhelmed with the reproaches of those who betted on me."

"It is always the way."

"If I had not with great difficulty restrained myself, I should have knocked your betters' heads together."

"You would have been set down as a clown—a man without education. Here, take some punch, it is delicious. I have won five hundred francs."

"Ah, I don't wonder then, at your finding the punch so good."

Jean, however, took another glass, and the noise, the heat, the sight of so much company, constantly circulating through the rooms, warmed his blood. He felt less embarrassed in the midst of the crowd; and Gersac said, from time to time, "You will do very well—Oh, I knew I should make something of you in time—you are fairly launched."

Jean directed his steps towards the dancing-room. He soon descried Caroline, though encircled by a number of young people, who admired the grace with which she danced, and were striving for the honor of her hand.

Jean followed Caroline with his eyes; he too admired her, but felt there was no such happiness in store for him. He drew near the quadrille, jealous of all those who were about Caroline. He cast angry looks around, and seemed seeking some pretence for a quarrel. From time to time he encountered Caro-

line's glance; there was something tender and consoling in her eyes, which prevented his giving way to his tumultuous feelings. Her soft looks threw a calm over his agitated spirits, which enabled him to restrain himself.

Several quadrilles succeeded — Caroline was not left a moment alone; when she did not dance, a swarm of young men gathered around her. Jean stood aloof, but never lost sight of her; his appearance formed a strange contrast with the brilliant scene. Gersac passed him and whispered, "For God's sake, do something — you look like Don Quixote at the wedding of Gamacho. Why the devil don't you dance?"

"I don't know how."

"What matter! no one dances now a-days; you can walk, can't you?"

Gersac left Jean hesitating. They were arranging an English country-dance, and Jean beheld Caroline led out. The blood rushed to his face, and he looked about for a partner, saying, "*Sacre bleu!* I will no longer stand here like an idiot; I dare say I shall do as well as others."

The pretty girls were already engaged. No one was seated but a lady of fifty, who was sinking under a load of flowers and ribands, and who, from the commencement of the ball, had been looking out for a partner in vain. Jean walked up to this lady, as he cared not who he danced with, provided he was in the same set with Caroline.

The lady gave her hand to Jean, accompanied with a most tender look, which was completely lost upon him. "I have almost forgotten the country-dance," said she, placing herself opposite to him.

"For my part, Madame, I never knew it."

"Oh, it is easy enough, we have only to do as we see others do: we shall find no difficulty."

However there was a little difficulty, for Jean, whose eyes were never off Caroline, paid no attention to what was said to him. He confused the figures—trod on his neighbours' toes—turned a stranger instead of his own partner, and when it was their turn to lead off, he dragged her after him so suddenly, and so entangled his legs with hers, that they fell together in the middle of the room.

The ladies screamed; and Jean's partner, who knew that at fifty, one can never fall gracefully, determined on getting up a faint, in order to look more interesting. The lady was removed, and the dance put and end to. Jean was far from being in a fainting humour: he was almost furious at the idea of cutting such an absurd figure before Caroline. He relieved his overcharged bosom with an energetic oath, which he could no longer restrain, and dashed out of the house, upsetting, right and left, all those who opposed his passage.

CHAPTER VII.

Bellequeue, far from feeling any doubt as to Jean's conduct, of whose change of lodging even, he was ignorant, feared that his melancholy might have taken a more alarming character, and, whilst playing draughts with Rose, could not conceal his uneasiness at the misanthropy of the young man—so strongly evinced by his withdrawal from all society.

The little housekeeper smiled knowingly at her master's speech, and replied, "Who told you so? who told you that M. Jean had shut himself up in that way?"

"What, Rose, don't you know what Chopard told me?"

"Yes sir."

"For more than five weeks that I have been laid up with the gout—your move, child—I was fully persuaded that my godson never left the Chopards, and that the sight of Adelaide had softened his grief: well, far from it—Jean has never put foot in Chopard's house—"

"I huff you, sir; you might have taken."

"True, you are right—has never once been to see his intended — a woman, who so completely turned his head, that his character and tastes were changed from black to white."

"Suppose M. Jean does not go to your Chopards, that is no proof he does not go elsewhere."

"Where should he go?—he is no longer fond of billiards or smoking: he does not even play at Siam."

"He may be fond of something you know nothing about."

"And I, who was so delighted at getting well again —who fully expected in a short time to be able to wear my tight pantaloons—don't you think they will become me, Rose?"

"I huff you, sir; you might have taken three, and you have only taken two."

"It is this confounded Jean running in my mind."

A stop was put to the game by a ring at the door. Rose went to open it, and ushered in M. Chopard, who looked as if something extraordinary had happened.

"Well, my dear Chopard, what is the news? you have seen Jean, no doubt; what did he say to you? what reason did he give for not going to you?"

"As for news, I have some, certainly," said M. Chopard, wiping his face; then, looking significantly at Rose, he made a sign to Bellequeue, signifying that he wished to speak to him in private—who, therefore, turned to his housekeeper, and said in a very soft tone of voice, "Rose, my dear, leave the room for a moment."

Rose tossed her head, and walked out with an angry look at Chopard, slamming the door after her.

"So M. Chopard can't speak before me," said she; "a rascally seller of ratafia! but he can't hinder me from listening."

Rose went round and placed herself at a glass door on the other side of the room ; a green curtain was drawn over it, behind which every thing said in the room could be heard, as one of the panes was broken, which Mlle. Rose, for her own good reasons, would never get mended.

"My friend," said Chopard, "I begged you to send away your servant, because I wish to speak to you on family affairs—relating, indeed, to my daughter's affections ; and you are aware——"

"Oh, quite right; I was just about to tell her myself."

"That's a fib, master mine ! said Rose behind her curtain ; "you never would have told me any such thing."

"My dear Bellequeue, I have been with our young man."

"Well ?"

"In the first place, he no longer lives in this neighbourhood."

"You don't say so ! what, moved without letting me know !"

"He lodges in the Rue de Provence, Chaussée d'Antin."

"The fashionable quarter ! the rogue is making a start."

"Oh, yes, he is making a start."

"It is nothing but love that has put this into his head."

"I don't know if it is love ; but this I know, that there is no kitchen to his new lodging ; and I know also, my friend, that love without a kitchen is—— 'gad it's a fire without flame !—not bad ! eh ?"

"Ah, very true—that sort of fire is all smoke."

"Well, then, I went to the Rue de Provence, in search of our young man. The house was handsome

—suitable ; I made a pun on the stair case—I don't exactly recollect it now—"

"No matter ; you can tell it me another time ; go on."

"Well, I at last reached Jean Durand's : he was not within."

"How contrary !"

"Yes ; but you see I know what's what. I set his servant talking."

"What ! has he a man-servant ?"

"Yes ; a jockey, in the shape of a valet de chambre."

"He is going it in style !"

"Well, as I told you, I set the domestic talking, whilst I examined the rooms—in which, as I said, there was no kitchen. How do you think, my dear friend, the young man passes his time ?"

"In grieving ?"

"By no means :—in running the round of plays, parties, balls, and concerts, and dressing himself half a dozen times a-day."

"Gracious me, is it possible !"

"Yes, my dear Bellequeue—your godson——I thought I heard a laugh—it seems to come from behind that green curtain."

"Oh, you must be mistaken—I heard nothing."

"Well, my dear friend, don't you agree with us, that M. Jean's conduct is very extraordinary ?"

"It quite passes my comprehension."

"It also passes mine and my wife's comprehension ; but, as my daughter says, 'it can't stop here.'"

"Make yourself easy, my friend, I will see the young man myself to-morrow."

"That is it ; at present my daughter is in a false position—she says so herself."

"She is perfectly right."

"This young man must speak out: he must do one of two things—either marry my daughter, or not marry her, eh?"

"Nothing can be fairer."

"It seems to me, that is the point we must start from."

"My dear Chopard, I cannot believe that Jean has any other intention than that of marrying the beautiful Adelaide—you saw yourself how much he was in love with her."

"No doubt, I remarked it."

"A young man who formerly never bestowed a thought on gallantry—and whom, in so short a time, we have seen become fond of dress, using pomatum, curling his hair, forsaking tobacco, wearing gloves, and sighing!—now, what could have effected these changes but love? who was he about to marry? your daughter;—well, then, all this love cannot have evaporated without cause."

"No, certainly, that is just my way of thinking."

"Jean is somewhat odd and rather giddy—"

"All your learned men are so."

"He runs about to plays and parties to dissipate the grief he feels at the loss of his mother."

"Just what I said to Adelaide."

"Probably he wished to surprise his mistress with more elegant manners, and a more fashionable appearance."

"I think you have hit the right nail on the head."

"But to-morrow I will see him, and I will not leave him till we have fixed the wedding-day."

"That is right—and you will come and let us know what he says."

"It is most probable that I may restore giddy-pate to your arms."

"To our arms—good—that will be quite a scene.

Well, my dear Bellequeue, I leave it all to you: Jean knows the talents, the graces, the amiability of my child. He can scarce flatter himself he will meet with two such women. By-the-bye it would not be amiss if you were to tell him, that she has found a way of preserving gooseberries and grapes whole, in brandy —a thing never seen before."

"I'll slip that in whilst we are talking."

"Well, I must return to the ladies. Poor dear Adelaide is so agitated—so extremely nervous."

"Soothe her, my friend—I will answer for my godson."

"We rely on you — Oh, I was forgetting — my daughter, who thinks of every thing, desired me to tell you that if your gout prevented your walking, you had nothing to do but take a coach."

"I had some idea of the kind myself—Adieu till tomorrow."

M. Chopard returned home, and Bellequeue meditated on what he should the next day say to his godson.

Jean left the ball in utter despair. Mme. Dorville could not but think him an awkward fool who was completely out of his place in good society. He thought he still heard the smothered laughs which assailed him from all parts of the room when he fell with his unfortunate partner. He had seen the scornful looks and whisperings of which he was the object. Bad as was all this, it might have been borne passing well, had Caroline not been there; but to become an object of scorn and ridicule before that person whom one most wishes to please, is a punishment, the remembrance of which is not easily effaced.

Jean reached his home, and shut himself up in his room without saying a word to his servant, who judged from his master's appearance, that he had not been

much amused at the ball. During a long sleepless night, Jean never ceased thinking of Caroline, and no longer sought to deceive himself as to the nature of his sentiments for her.

"Rose was right," said he, "I am in love—I never loved till I saw Caroline—I was utterly ignorant of what love was—I thought I had experienced the passion, and that there was no loving better than I had done. It is only now that I have learnt the nature of one's feelings for the woman one adores. I think but of her; I can occupy myself with nothing but her. Every thing which tends to turn my thoughts from her, wearies, displeases, is unsupportable to me. I have heard that, at my age, love is the sweetest of all passions, but since I have felt it, I have been like a madman—without a moment of quiet or happiness. Yesterday, however, on seeing her, I was almost delirious with joy; my heart beat as if it would have flown to her! But short, indeed, was my glimpse of happiness! Those men who surrounded her—who spoke to her—her amiable manner of answering them—nearly overcame me. I to become in love with a woman of the world!—a fashionable woman—who looks on me as a savage—who will never love me—Damna—— swearing again! I must give up swearing, if I am ever to talk to her."

Next day, Gersac came to see Jean, and asked him how he had been pleased at the ball.

"Pleased," replied Jean, looking at Gersac sullenly, "yes, I behaved so remarkably well!"

"Why, what did you do? You mean, your loss at écarté?"

"Oh, no! I think not of that; I merely play by way of doing something, and care no more about it; but my awkward appearance, and bashful manner——"

"Psha! you are too modest, you begin to do extremely well; there are a thousand persons of not half your worth, who get through the world by dint of their assurance and self-sufficiency, which serve as a veil to their emptiness and folly."

"And what have you to say on my dancing? Of course, I was not the ridicule of the room?"

"Certainly not; they only laughed at your partner. Had you been dancing with a young and handsome woman, all the sins would have been on your shoulders: luckily for you, you had half a century of flowers and feathers. She did roll about so oddly! ha, ha, ha! Upon my word, my dear fellow, it is impossible to be serious when one thinks of it. But they all looked at her, and no one thought about you. I searched for you every where, but you went away so abruptly.

"I thought every eye was fixed on me and hurried away."

"You are such an odd fellow! But come with me this evening, and I will take you to another large party; you need not dance the country-dance, that's all."

"No, thank you. I will never again go into society until I feel myself in my proper place, and capable of joining in conversation without dreading that some vulgarity will escape me every time I open my lips."

"What stuff! you will never learn the manners of good company, but by frequenting good company."

"I tell you, I feel I have much to learn first."

"Why, you are young and rich; get a little polish of high life, and that is all you want."

"My dear Gersac, I would fain possess something more than a mere polish."

Seeing that he spoke in vain, Gersac quitted Jean, who was soon lost in reflection; when some one rang again, and Bellequeue was introduced to his godson.

"What! is it you my dear friend?" said Jean to Bellequeue, who looked about him in admiration.

"Yes, to be sure it is; and well I came; for, God be thanked, you would have let me die without troubling your head about me."

"Ah, forgive me, I was wrong, I admit; I had so many things to trouble me—have you been unwell?"

"A slight access of gout, nothing more—I have almost forgotten it—I feel quite light to-day: and my leg, you see—it is not in the least swollen, is it?"

"I should say not."

"I must sit down, however: Oh!—I came in a carriage—you cost me a pretty sum of money, you good-for-nothing fellow; but I flatter myself it will not be thrown away. May I take the liberty of asking why you have removed?"

"My dear godfather, my old lodgings reminded me too much of my loss; and, besides, this quarter suits me better."

"It is a handsome quarter, I admit, but ours is not to be despised for all that."

"I am very far from despising it, but——"

"Never mind, we will skip the chapter of lodgings: I call about something much more important. Tell me, will you, why you have never been to the Chopards since the evening I accompanied you there. We hear of your running to balls, playhouses, every where but to see your intended. I must admit that I cannot understand your conduct; and even the lovely Adelaide herself is beginning to be alarmed. It is now more than four months since the death of your mother, and high time that you should name a day for your marriage: you know very well that all the preparations were made before Mme. Durand's illness: I had settled every thing—had my dress quite ready. Why, if you delay it much longer my

pair of tight pantaloons will fall a sacrifice to the moths."

Jean made no reply: he arose and walked about the room in a state of great agitation. Bellequeue, who was ensconced in an arm-chair, followed him with his eyes.

"My dear godfather," said Jean, at length, stopping before Bellequeue, "I have an avowal to make to you."

"An avowal—some present, I'll bet, that you wish to make your beloved, and you don't know how to present it."

"Not at all—it will cost me much to tell you—for it will give you pain to hear—but it must be done, and the sooner the better."

"Well, then, my dear boy, explain yourself, and don't keep me two hours with your ifs and ands."

"In a word, then, I will never marry Mlle. Chopard!"

Bellequeue started back, and almost upset himself and his arm-chair, but recovering, he said, "You will not? What do you mean? surely I have not heard you aright!"

Jean repeated in a decided and distinct tone, "I will never marry Mlle. Chopard!"

Bellequeue started bolt upright, and, striking his forehead with a theatrical air, exclaimed, "Why, this passes all belief! These are the blows which overwhelm us quite! You will not marry her!—your intended bride—the lovely Adelaide—to whom you are affianced!"

"Oh, as to being affianced, my dear godfather, that was all your own doing. A man does not become affianced to a girl by merely squeezing her hand."

"Excuse me, sir — on the contrary, sir — he is

very much engaged — and when a day has been named for the wedding — when the parents already look upon you as their son — when the daughter places all her affections on you — do you still think, sir, that there is no engagement? do you think that you will be allowed to trifle thus with the peace of a family and a tender heart of nineteen?"

Anger had almost made Bellequeue eloquent; he paced the room as if he never had the gout.

Jean took his hand and said, "My dear godfather, I confess my errors, and I feel perfectly, that I have been guilty of many to the Chopard family."

"Well, then, marry the daughter and there will be no more said."

"No, I will never marry the daughter, because I could never make her happy, and should be miserable myself."

"Miserable! with a woman whom you love."

"I — love Mlle. Chopard! I assure you I never cared about her."

"And I, sir, tell you, that you adored her! What, did not we all observe the change that love made in you? Your different mode of dress — the playing — smoking, that you gave up, and your sighs and melancholy looks — was all this nothing? or only to mock us?"

"Oh, no, I swear —"

"That your love should so soon have passed away, is what I cannot understand — but that of the young lady is not to be extinguished in the same way. You have inflamed the young girl — very natural — and a young heart feels deeply, you see."

"I know it but too well."

"Certainly, Mlle. Adelaide Chopard will never want a husband — such a superb girl — so extremely well shaped — so clever — who preserves gooseberries

in brandy whole — and who makes noyeau as if she had lived all her life at Martinique: these are things not to be met with every day, sir."

"Well, my dear godfather, she may brandy any thing she pleases, but I cannot marry her. I admit, I should have said so sooner, but I knew not how to go about it."

"I tell you, sir, that you must marry her; you have gone too far to recede. And I, sir, I, who have acted for you — have you no idea that I am compromised in this business? It was I who went to ask the hand of the superb Adelaide for you."

"I never asked you to do so."

"No, but you were not sorry for it afterwards."

"Because then I had not reflected."

"And why the devil have you reflected now?—you should have married — that is all — you might have reflected after."

"I think it is much better to reflect before."

"You cannot surely have heard any thing touching the young lady's reputation: she is as pure as snow!"

"Certainly not; I render every justice to Mlle. Chopard, but I tell you, I fear that I never can render her happy."

"But when I tell you that the girl dotes on you—that she dreams of you—thinks you all politeness—learned —"

"Learned!—I, learned!—would that it were true! But no: I would learn nothing—do nothing; and I am rightly punished; I am an ass; that is all."

"You an ass?"

"Yes, an ass—a very ass!"

"No matter; ass or not, that does not prevent the charming Adelaide from loving you, and from being quite satisfied with you as you are. Come, my friend,

be reasonable, don't embroil me with the Chopard family; with people where I am always welcome—although I don't often avail myself of it, as Rose does not like my dining out. But remember, this marriage was arranged and settled in the life-time of your mother."

"My mother would have been the first to have broken it off, if she thought it was unpleasing to me."

"I tell you they depend upon you, and you must marry. A man cannot go to people's houses courting their daughter so long, drinking their liqueurs, and then be off in this way; such conduct cannot be tolerated, sir; and what would you have me say to Chopard—to his wife—to the tender Adelaide, who sent me to see why you came not?"

"Say? say any thing you please: make an excuse for me: marry the girl yourself, if you like."

"Fifteen years ago, sir, no man should have said that to me twice. M. Jean—for the last time—you will not marry Mlle. Chopard?"

"No, godfather."

"Positively?"

"Most decidedly."

"Farewell, you are no godson of mine."

Jean endeavoured to restrain and pacify Bellequeue, but he was outrageous. He thrust his three-cornered hat down over his eyebrows, and descending the staircase as quickly as his leg would permit him, jumped into the hackney coach, and desired to be drove home where he arrived, saying, "How can I announce this to the Chopard family? how break it to the tender Adelaide? Rose only can tell me how to extricate myself from this scrape. Had I taken her advice, I should never have troubled myself about it. Certainly a single man like me has no business to meddle in any thing without consulting his gouvernante."

CHAPTER VIII.

Bellequeue was once more at home. He threw himself into an arm-chair without calling for his *robe de chambre;* he did not seem to be aware even, that his three-cornered hat was still on his head. Rose saw at once, that something very extraordinary must have taken place between the godfather and godson; and hastening to her master with a plaid dressing-gown and bonnet, her new-year's gift, she said, "What is the matter, sir? you seem quite upset — have you had another attack of gout?"

"Ah, Rose, if you knew —— I am in despair, my dear friend."

"But what is the matter? come, tell me, I dare say you are making mountains of mole-hills."

"Why Jean — Jean, the base fellow! has almost turned my brain."

"Well, that is the last thing I should ever have thought of! — to have heard M. Jean called base! But you don't tell me — what has the poor young man done?"

"Poor young man indeed! you are always taking

his part: he has conducted himself in the most disgraceful manner."

"You don't say so — what, has he been gambling? has he lost his fortune?"

"Worse, much worse than any thing you can imagine: he actually refuses the hand of Mlle. Adelaide Chopard."

Rose stept back a little, and burst into a hearty fit of laughter. "And this is the mighty business, is it, that has half frightened you out of your wits?"

Bellequeue said sullenly, "I did not think, Rose, that you would have laughed at any thing so unpleasant to my feelings. I don't like it: I am very much hurt at your conduct."

Bellequeue really appeared so much annoyed, that Rose became serious in a moment, and said, "You may recollect, sir, I advised you, from the first, to have nothing to do with this marriage."

"Very true, Rose, I recollect it well; but ——"

"But — but — I still see no reason why you are to make yourself ill because your godson changes his mind."

"Because, Rose, ——"

"You are not obliged to marry Mlle. Chopard."

"Of course not."

"Is it your fault that a young man of twenty-one finds out that he does not love the girl he was going to marry?"

"I don't say so."

"After all, is M. Jean to make himself miserable for life, by marrying a woman he does not love, to oblige Mlle. Adelaide?"

"Why certainly."—

"Why surely you love your godson — the child you saw born — better than this grenadier of a girl, who always seems as if she was walking on stilts!"

"Why ——"

"Besides, will your making yourself ill for these Chopards, to whom you are under no sort of obligation whatever, at all advance the business, or make M. Jean alter his determination?"

"Egad, no, certainly not: you open my eyes, Rosé."

"I am very glad of it."

"As you say, very truly, my making myself ill won't compel Jean to marry Adelaide; but what annoys me is—what the devil I am to say to the Chopards."

"Just simply tell them the answer M. Jean gave you."

"It will be a mortal blow for the unfortunate girl."

"Psha! leave her alone; her shoulders are broad enough to bear it.—Stay, you have not yet taken off your hat and coat—one should never put off a disagreeable thing: go at once to the Chopards, and the business will be over."

Bellequeue rose with a determined look. "You are right, Rose, this must be settled: I will go at once to the Chopards—oh, my leg!—I am not quite firm on it; and you have sent away the coach; I never can go on foot."

"There is no want of coaches in this neighbourhood; let us go down, sir, and I will get you one in a minute."

"This is a pretty costly job, Rose."

"Ah, sir, that comes of match-making! Come, sir, lean on me."

She did not give him time to change his mind, but hurried him down as fast as possible: she left him at the foot of the staircase, ran out, and soon returned with a coach. As he was stepping into the jarvey, he felt his courage fail him, and scratching his ear,

said, "Suppose, Rose, I don't go till to-morrow: I rather think this is their dinner hour, and it would not be very pleasant——"

"No, no, sir," replied Rose, "it is not more than half past one—no one dines at that hour. Come, be firm, and finish the business. One would think that these Chopards were sultans, that no one dare speak to. Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself, sir?"

So saying, Rose pushed her master into the carriage; the coachman shut the door, and she gave him the address, saying, "Drive fast, and you shall have something to drink."

Coachee mounted his box, and whipped his horses with such spirit, that poor Bellequeue found himself arrived before he had well settled whether he would go or not.

"Good God! here I am," said Bellequeue, as the coach stopped. Recollecting the advice of Rose, he took courage: he got out, telling the coachman to wait, and to leave the door open, and the steps down, that nothing might interfere with his retreat. Drawing his three-cornered hat over his brows, at the risk of destroying all his curls, Bellequeue ascended to the Chopards.

All the family had been impatiently awaiting Bellequeue's appearance. Mlle. Adelaide had swallowed three glasses of sugared orange-flower water, and the mother never ceased repeating, "Compose yourself, child, our friend Bellequeue has promised to bring your intended with him."

"Yes, certainly," said Chopard, as he walked up and down the room, "Bellequeue is stirring himself in the business: very natural he should, in a love affair of this kind; he is a hearty fellow."

Here Chopard turned and bit his lips, muttering to

himself, "*Heart-y*—I made a pun in spite of myself. It is not exactly the time, certainly; but a man of wit can't always command himself."

At length some one rung. "Here they are!" cried Mme. Chopard.

Mlle. Adelaide hardly knew with what look to receive him; and whilst she was doubting whether her countenance should show more love than anger, the door opened, and Bellequeue stood in the room. He held his handkerchief in his hand, and nothing favourable was to be gathered from his melancholy physiognomy.

"You are alone, M. Bellequeue," said Mme. Chopard, with an astonished look.

"Yes—yes, Madame—I am alone," replied Bellequeue, with the tone and look of a man who has all his life played the part of the confidant in a tragedy.

"M. Jean has not condescended to accompany you?" said Adelaide, in an agitated voice.

Bellequeue, who had prepared his pocket handkerchief, in the hope of squeezing out a tear, now blew his nose, and returned it to his pocket, saying, in an embarrassed and conscious manner, "Young Durand, my godson—Jean, that is to say—has not come with me, it is true; and yet I had a carriage by the hour; I have even one below at this moment: for my leg—I feel a little gout; we shall have a change of weather, I am sure."

"A new moon to-morrow," said M. Chopard, taking a pinch of snuff with an air of satisfaction, as he had always two or three puns ready on the new quarter; but Mlle. Adelaide angrily interrupted him, saying, "Good heavens! papa, surely M. Bellequeue has not come here to talk about moons and hackney-coaches—I can no longer bear this state of suspense.

What did M. Jean say to you? Why does not he come? Why have not we heard from him? Speak, M. Bellequeue, speak, I entreat you."

"Very true," said M. Chopard, sullenly, "this is no time for joking,—What has the young man to say for himself?"

Bellequeue finding himself pressed on all sides, once more drew his handkerchief, and squeezing his eyelids together with all his force, in order to render them moist, at length murmured "It is very painful ——it is indeed, I may say, most agonizing to me, to be the bearer of unpleasant news — but my dearest friend, I am not my godson—were I so—very different——" Bellequeue then stopped and blew his nose, as if completely overpowered by his feelings. But Mlle. Chopard cried, "To the point, M. Bellequeue, to the point, I entreat you; I am prepared for the worst."

"Well, then, I will tell you all," said Bellequeue, returning his handkerchief into his pocket: "Some wild freak—some devil rather, must have possessed this young man. Jean does justice to the virtues — to the charms—to the real merit of the lovely Adelaide—he spoke so well of her—so well indeed——"

"Well, M. Bellequeue?"

"Well; after praising her to the skies, he declared that he could not marry her."

"He will not?"

"I don't say that he will not—but he cannot — because he does not feel deserving of so great a happiness."

"Oh! mamma, I faint," said Adelaide, sinking in an arm chair.

"My daughter will lose her senses," said Mme. Chopard, running to Adelaide; "M. Chopard! something, I beg of you!"

"Yes," said M. Chopard, running about distract-

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edly ; what will she have—an apricot—a plum—cherry ?"

" I will send a medical man," said Bellequeue, and availing himself of the confusion, he hurried out of the room, ran down stairs, at the risk of breaking his neck, threw himself into the coach, crying " Home—where we came from, as hard as you can drive :—once there, I will roll myself in flannel, and swear to the Chopards that I have the gout in my stomach."

Mme. Chopard, armed with a smelling bottle, and her husband with a pot of preserves, approached their daughter ; but Adelaide rose suddenly, and striding across the room, she cried, " The business cannot end here—M. Jean must have given some reason—or, at least, he shall give one."

" No doubt," said M. Chopard, trying to keep up with his daughter, " he must speak out."

" But where is M. Bellequeue ? Can he possibly have left us in this way ?"

" He is gone for a physician," said Mme. Chopard ; " here, child, smell to this."

" I will smell to nothing, I want no physician—give me Jean—him alone I want—I die unless I marry him."

" Dear child ! how her heart beats," said Mme. Chopard, supporting her daughter : " Ah ! M. Chopard, this is love indeed !"

" The very essence of love," replied the father. " What a honeyed life her husband would have led ! The man knows not what he rejects."

" Papa, I beg of you, go at once to M. Jean," cried Adelaide, trying to become more calm ; " you must feel that an affront to me reflects on you."

" She is right, M. Chopard, it reflects on us all."

" At least, M. Jean will explain himself—give us

some good reason—whilst M. Bellequeue has told us nothing but stuff."

"True," said Chopard, "Bellequeue told us nothing else."

"Besides, all through he has conducted himself very badly in this business."

"Very badly."

"Surely you could speak to M. Jean without him; go, papa, go seek this young man, who loved me so truly, and whose conduct is now so shocking. Were I a man, I would soon bring him to reason. Go, papa, act like a man; I cannot say more to you."

Adelaide squeezed her father's hand, and entered her room to give herself up to those feelings which agitated her. M. Chopard remained with his wife, whom he eyed in a very undecided manner, muttering, "Yes, I will let him see that I am a man, and if the fellow will not marry my daughter—he shall tell me why."

"Take care, M. Chopard; don't let your feelings carry you away, I entreat you."

"But when my blood is up—suppose I were to take the gooseberries and the plums without stones—it may open his eyes to his folly—at all events it cannot fail to touch him. My conceptions are always so good.—Mme. Chopard, help me with these two jars under each arm—Now I'll go, and if the young man does not come back with me it will not be my fault—I'll attack him at all points."

M. Chopard set out with a jar under each arm, and arrived bathed in perspiration at Jean's lodgings, who, since Bellequeue's visit, had remained within, a prey to his thoughts.

The servant went to announce this new visitor; but M. Chopard followed so closely, that he was in the

room with Jean before he could make any reply to his valet.

"It is I, my dear friend," said M. Chopard, extremely embarrassed by his jars, and looking about to see where he could put them. Jean motioned the servant to withdraw, and hastened to present an arm-chair to M. Chopard, who having furnished two consoles with a jar each, seated himself, and began wiping his forehead.

"Oh, how close it is."

"What! M. Chopard, did you walk with all that?"

"Yes, my dear friend, my mind was so engaged, that I never once thought of calling a coach."

"You appear very warm, won't you take something."

"Why, I don't care — a small glass of cherry-brandy — provided you will join me."

Jean ordered two glasses, and just moistened his lips by way of pleasing M. Chopard, who cleared off his glass, saying, "Capital cherry-brandy. It is very fine. I used to like rum better, but I have given it up since I had the rheumatism; you will scarcely guess why?"

"No, sir."

"Because I do not like *rum-attacks* — Ha! ha! excellent! — rheumaticks."

Jean tried to smile, and M. Chopard recovered himself, saying, "Devil take it! I did not come here to make puns — my boy, we have just seen your godfather, Bellequeue; he tells us that you will not marry our daughter — there must be some mistake, for that is quite out of the question. Adelaide is quite ready to fulfil her engagement — and of course you cannot think of drawing back. I said to myself, 'I will go and see Jean, and I am quite sure we shall soon un-

derstand each other; for he is a good lad — who likes his glass' — and I availed myself of the opportunity to bring you those two little new experiments of my daughter's; you shall give me your opinion of them: suppose we taste them?"

"No, sir," said M. Jean, with a grieved look, to M. Chopard, who appeared to think more of his jars than of the subject of his visit. "I can scarcely express, sir, how sorry I am that you should have taken the trouble to call. I ought rather to have waited on you. I feel how much I have to answer for—how very wrong I have acted towards you and Mademoiselle, your daughter."

"Psha! what occasion for ceremony between friends? come and dine with us to-morrow; we will make the corks fly, and talk about the wedding day."

"It must not be, sir; what my godfather has told you is the result of very deep reflection, and it is with the greatest grief, that I feel myself compelled to repeat it to you. I do all justice to the charms, the accomplishments of Mademoiselle, your daughter; but I may not be her husband, for I could not make her happy."

"Yes, my dear friend, but you would make her happy—why she told me so not more than five minutes ago. What the devil more could she want in a husband? You are tall, well-built, good looking."

"Ah, sir, I feel that there is something else necessary to win the heart of —— a woman."

"What something else do you mean, my boy? is it ——"

"I mean, sir, there must be a reciprocal love; without love, it would, I think, be a melancholy thing to be tied for life—"

"Ah! you are speaking of love; that is just what I want to bring you to: my dear friend, you are made for each other. Adelaide is caught—she does not deny

that you have overcome her pride—and never ceases singing '*Tu triomphes bel Alcindor*,'—dwelling on the note, you know—she has got it all by heart. As for you, my boy, we all have observed the change which the passion worked in you. It was as plain as the plums in that bottle — without stones by-the-bye — which you must admit—"

"I repeat it, sir, you are mistaken as to my feelings; I have acted very inconsiderately — very blamably, no doubt — but I am sure you will allow, sir, that at my age it is much better to acknowledge one's errors, than to aggravate them by compromising not only one's own happiness, but that also of another person."

M. Chopard, who saw that Jean stuck to the point, rose with a very discontented look, placed his hat on his head, and walked up and down the room, still looking at his jars with a corner of his eye. At length, stopping before the young man, he bit his lips, and said, "Then, sir, all this goes to show, that positively you will not marry my daughter."

"It is but too true, sir."

"Then, sir, I must let you know that I came here for satisfaction. Oh, I am not one of those fathers without firmness—easy good-natured souls, who put up with any thing—I am not one of those fathers, sir, I am a man of spirit! — *spirit*," muttered Chopard, "that came quite of itself."

Jean looked at Chopard, with astonishment, and replied, in a submissive manner; "I cannot but feel, sir, that you have a right to act in this way. If you positively exact it from me—if the assurance of my regret will not content you—it is for you to order, sir—I am at your service, and ready to give you satisfaction in any way you please — sword — or pistol—choose your weapon."

M. Chopard started back four paces, and putting on a more friendly look, he cried, "You quite mistake me, young man—you did not understand, my dear young friend, what I meant by satisfaction. Swords and pistols are out of the question—they are bad arguments: but when you determine not to marry my daughter, you must have some motive—plausible—in fact, some good reason to give. That is the satisfaction I was seeking, and I think you cannot refuse it to me."

"Excuse me sir—pray excuse me: if I thought—"

"There is no harm done, my dear friend."

"You wish me to tell you—"

"Yes, my boy, you will much oblige me, for I should then know what to think."

"Well, then, M. Chopard, if you insist upon it—indeed, I feel that you have a claim upon me—learn, then, what I did not tell my godfather;—in fact, the reason I did not marry your daughter, sir—is—that—I love another, sir."

"Oh, you love another, my boy?"

"Yes, sir, yes: in vain have I strived to conquer a passion which will most probably render me miserable for life; I cannot triumph over it. This love came—I scarce know how; but the object that gave birth to it is ever before my eyes. With these feelings, sir, would you have me become the husband of your daughter? How could I offer her a heart beating but for another?"

"No, my friend, certainly not—and I would not consent, even if you yourself were to beg me on your knees. Well, now at last here is a reason—a most capital reason indeed—and I am sure Adelaide will be quite satisfied. My dear boy I can only wish you every kind of happiness: as for these jars, I believe I

may as well — just now, in fact, you are not capable of appreciating their contents."

"Oh no, sir."

"Well, then, I will take them with me—some time hence, perhaps—Farewell, my dear friend, I must return to my daughter, who impatiently expects me."

M. Chopard replaced the jars under his arms, and took leave of Jean, who accompanied him as far as the staircase.

As soon as M. Chopard was out of sight, Jean said to his servant, "Pack up my things, I shall move — I shall leave this lodging to-morrow."

"What, sir, to-morrow? why you have not given notice!"

"No matter, I'll stay here no longer — I will be alone, and not be broken in upon, in this way, every moment. I will receive no more visits; and that no one may find out my new address, you will say that I have left — for Italy—that I am going to travel some time."

The domestic bowed, and Jean went out to look for another lodging, to which he could move immediately.

In the mean time M. Chopard had arrived safe with his jars. Adelaide, who, in her anxiety, had placed herself at the window, to catch the first glimpse of her father, ran down to meet him. Mme. Chopard followed, saying, "here is M. Chopard; now we shall hear how he treated M. Jean."

"Well, papa, you have seen him?"

"Yes, most certainly I have seen him — and I flatter myself I have seen him to some purpose, too — Oh, how heavy!"

"Papa, one word, one single word, in pity! is it true he has changed his mind?"

"I am going to tell you all about it, my dear child — this one is much the heaviest of the two. Oh, I went the right way to work with the young man. I stuck close to my text, — You marry my daughter, or you tell me the reason why—and I carried my point."

"Ah, my dear, dear papa! let me kiss you," cried Adelaide throwing herself round her father's neck.

"Take care, child, you will make me break something."

"He consents then, to marry me?"

"No—he won't — but he told me the reason why."

At this reply, Adelaide fell back on the banister of the staircase, and M. Chopard, trying to save her, forgot what he carried under his right arm, and the jar of plums, which had been his constant companion for the last hour, fell on the stairs, and was dashed to pieces.

M. Chopard was almost petrified at the sight of the broken jar and his valued fruits, which were rolling down the stairs. Madame Chopard sustained her daughter, crying, "Good heavens! this is the eleventh time she has been in this way to-day: poor child, she will never survive it. But, M. Chopard, you returned with such a triumphant look!"

"Madame, I looked as I ought to look," replied Chopard, in a melancholy tone, following with his eye the plums, which were jumping from one stair to another. "I flatter myself I succeeded in my mission perfectly; of course, if I could have foreseen that the jar would have been broken, I would have left it with the young man—because one may change one's mind and see things in another light—but that is no reason —Goodness! what a smell—how delicious—they will perfume the house for a week to come."

Adelaide recovered herself, and went to her apartment; her parents followed her. M. Chopard, after

desiring the servant to sweep away the fragments, and save some of the fruits from the wreck, repaired to his daughter, who begged him to tell what M. Jean could possibly have to say as an excuse for his disgraceful conduct.

"My dear child, he not only gave me a reason, but an extremely good one too."

"Impossible, papa! no good reason can be assigned for such conduct as this: but let us hear this reason."

"Well, then, my dear, if he does not marry you, it is—because he loves another."

"Loves another!" said Adelaide, turning all sorts of colours.

"Gracious goodness! she will faint the twelfth time," said Mme. Chopard, running to her daughter.

"No, mamma," said Adelaide, looking like an enraged tigress, and rising with clenched hands, "no, I feel no weakness for the monster—an ungrateful wretch!—a man as unworthy of inspiring true love as he is incapable of feeling it."

"Admirably spoken," said M. Chopard; "certainly he knows nothing of love—this young lad—"

"Did he name to you the object of his flame, papa?"

"No; 'gad, I never even thought of asking him who it was; but if you wish I will go back—without the jar, however."

"Ah! it is useless: I will know who—I will know all—I will unmask this treacherous wretch—I will discover this woman, for whose sake he has so cruelly treated me. He would have done right to say it was not her but me, that he would marry. But I have taken my determination—I will be his wife as sure as that I break this bottle."

Suiting the action to the word, Adelaide seized a

bottle of old cognac, which she dashed in pieces on the ground, and then walked majestically to her chamber.

Monsieur and Mme. Chopard, were lost in astonishment, and stood staring with open mouths. At length the mamma found her tongue,—"For my part I don't understand it at all—she calls him a monster and yet she will have him."

"All I know is, that it has been a most unlucky day for us: it is well we have only one daughter to marry, or we should have the house turned out of the windows."

M. Chopard, you must forgive the dear child, she suffers so much—she loved so well."

"Pretty strong proofs of it!"

"Ah, M. Chopard, in such circumstances one must have the patience of an angel not to be angry. Oh, love, love, what have you not to answer for!—how you exhaust the spirits."

"True, Mme. Chopard, it requires the patience of an angel to bear the loss of one's brandy.—Ha, ha! not bad that! Mme. Chopard, put me in mind of that the next time we have company."

CHAPTER IX.

Several months had passed since the large party at which Mme. Dorville had met Jean; the fine weather was gone—winter had returned, and had brought with it all the women of fashion, who hurry to town in search of pleasure, admiration, balls and bustle. To some of these ladies the country offered but few attractions, but it is stylish to leave Paris for four or five months, and it is much better to die of ennui than to be out of the fashion.

To Caroline the country was full of interest; she loved to find herself free and alone, away from the tumults of the world, and escaping for a while from those tiresome compliments, the continued repetition of which renders them insipid even to those to whom they are addressed. Doubtless Caroline was flattered at pleasing, at being sought after, at being listened to with admiration; nevertheless, a well constituted and delicate mind attaches very little value to such homage. The mind becomes accustomed to it, but it is far from satisfying the cravings of the heart. To

the hackneyed slave of fashion alone, the gratification of self-love may be the first of blessings.

Winter had brought back Caroline also to Paris; she went into company more from custom than from any real taste for it. Again she became the star of attraction; for a young widow, rich and handsome, is sure not to want admirers. But Caroline was alike to all: each of the gentlemen was delighted at the amiable smile with which she had received his compliments, and with the liveliness with which she had listened to the witty things which he flattered himself he had said. As yet no one could boast of having touched the heart of the young widow, and making her sigh in secret—a much more difficult thing than making her smile in public. Nevertheless, Mme. Dorville was sometimes thoughtful.

At twenty-one, the tender heart feels the want of an object to love, and, in the midst of all her pleasures and the bustle of the world, surrounded by a crowd of adorers, she felt a void, and a want of something which she could not well define.

Amongst the young men who were most assiduous in their court to Caroline, Valcourt was one of those who seemed most smitten and who paid most attention to her. Valcourt had fortune, birth, and a good figure; he had received a good education, and was by no means deficient in wit. He was persuaded that no one could resist him, and it was this very belief which often ruined him with women; for excessive vanity throws a veil over our advantages instead of bringing them forward, and argues a weakness of intellect in those who are guilty of it.

Valcourt easily obtained an introduction to Caroline, who had a weekly public night. He played well, and had a pleasing voice, but he marred its effect by the graces he assumed: his stretched-out neck, and

affected smile, took away all the pleasure that one would have had in listening to him; nevertheless, Valcourt made his way extremely well in the world, where want of manner is more criticised than exaggerated pretension.

Mme. Dorville liked Valcourt well enough as an acquaintance; she laughed at his compliments, parried his declarations with a joke, and treated lightly what he intended should have been taken very seriously. Valcourt had become really attached to the handsome widow, that is to say, as much as it was in his nature to be so. He was annoyed at the manner in which Caroline received his attentions, for he could not conceive how any one could withstand his tender looks and sighs. Each day increased the feeling that she was necessary to his happiness, and with his own goodwill he would scarcely ever have left her, but he had too much sense and too much knowledge of the world, to wear out his welcome at Mme. Dorville's by too great importunity.

In the midst of pleasure, overwhelmed with admiration, and with fortune sufficient to satisfy every want, most women would have been at the height of happiness.

Caroline's waiting maid, a young unsophisticated girl, extremely attached to her, would express her surprise at the occasional gravity of her mistress.

"Good heavens! Madame, has anything happened to annoy you?"

Caroline would reply, with a smile, "No, Louise; what makes you think so?"

"Because you sighed, Madame."

"Don't you think one may sometimes sigh without a particular reason? Indeed, one often does so without knowing why."

"Well, I don't know—I should think you were the

last in the world ever to feel *ennui*. When one can do as one pleases—when one is beloved by all one's friends, as you are Madame—when one can dress well, go every day to some ball, play, or concert, how is it possible ever to have anything to trouble one?"

"Do you really think so, Louise? my dear girl, one soon becomes accustomed to all this. Those pleasures apparently so varied, but in which there is really very little change, soon cease to please us. We require something more simple—in which the heart is more concerned. In my mother's lifetime, I never knew what *ennui* meant; we talked together, though often on very trifling subjects, but with those who are dear to us, the most simple words assume a higher value; and in the intimacy of those who love each other, so many things are understood which are never spoken. Ah, Louise, how much I regret that gentle intercourse with my mother."

Caroline's eyes filled with tears. Louise felt affected, but after a moment, added, "Yes, to be sure—with one's mother—it is delightful. But then—when one is young and handsome as you are Madame, one may enjoy—another feeling—and surely, Madame, you will not always be a widow."

To this, Caroline made no reply. She became still more wrapt in her own thoughts, which Louise did not feel at liberty to break in upon.

A great part of the winter had passed, and found the handsome widow unchanged—Valcourt still the same, assiduous and constant in his attentions, and giving himself as much as he could, the air of being preferred by Madame Dorville. Some of those persons, of whom there are many in the world, who judge by the surface of things, were really persuaded that the adventurous coxcomb would shortly become the happy husband of Caroline; but those who

knew Madame Dorville better, had as yet seen nothing which could be fairly construed to the advantage of Valcourt.

Jean called no more at Madame Dorville's. No one of her acquaintances ever spoke of him. Caroline herself never once mentioned his name, and poor Jean seemed totally forgotten by all the world; when, one evening that Caroline had company, some one mentioned the magnificent ball which had been given the summer before by the old gentleman of the Fauxbourg St. Honoré.

"It was quite a first-rate thing," said a young lady.—"How happened it that you were not there, M. Valcourt?"

"I, Madame; I rather think I was at Boulogne, where I had gone for sea-bathing; I particularly regretted being absent from Paris just then, for I understand that nothing was wanting to render the party complete."

He looked expressively at Caroline, as much as to say, that he knew she had been there, and that the compliment was intended for her. She did not appear to notice him.

"Oh! but what most amused me," said the young lady,—"what I never shall forget, was, the gentleman who fell with his partner in dancing the country-dance!"

"You don't say so? what a capital scene!"

"You must have observed them, Caroline; by-the-bye, I rather think it was the same young man whom I met here one morning."

"What! the man who smelt so like a tobacconist."

"Yes; was it not him, my dear Caroline?"

Caroline replied rather hesitatingly, "Yes—yes—yes, it was."

"But how the devil," cried Valcourt, "did he contrive to get into such good company?"

"As he has been in this house, sir," replied Caroline, somewhat piqued, "I am not so very much surprised at his being received elsewhere."

"Ah, pardon—a thousand pardons," cried Valcourt, who felt he had made a wrong hit. "I meant any thing but to offend you; but though the gentleman did visit you, we all know how it happened, and the obligations you were under to him. But you will excuse my believing that, but for that, you would never have been acquainted with a person so out of your sphere."

"No doubt," said Madame Beaumont, "the young man was very civil. I have nothing to say on that score; he is independent too, I think you told me; but all that does not prevent his being very much out of his place in society."

"But it struck me, that he was much less awkward the last time I saw him — perhaps it was timidity that gave him that embarrassed appearance which you witnessed here. Latterly, he appeared to have gained more manner — more knowledge of the world."

"Ah, my dear friend, it was not timidity that made him smell of tobacco — and his guard-house language!"

"I see," said Valcourt, "Madame Dorville has taken M.—— I forget his name — no matter — this gentleman, under her protection. But it must have been worth any money to have seen him in the country-dance. If he danced, as he walked, when he came into this room—Ha, ha, ha!"

Caroline blushed, and seemed a little annoyed. She replied to Valcourt somewhat impatiently, "If, sir, we were to amuse ourselves with every absurdity

that we see, we should soon have little other employment."

Valcourt said nothing, but he was not a little piqued, that Caroline should undertake the defence of a man whom he felt to be so much beneath him in every respect. The conversation soon changed, and Jean was no more mentioned. Madame Dorville endeavoured to be more than usually attentive to all her company, Valcourt included; and they left her, delighted at the graceful manner in which she did the honours of her house.

And Jean—is he totally forgotten by all? If Caroline is thoughtful, are her thoughts ever on him? Is it likely that a woman of fashion, overwhelmed with admiration would give a second thought to a man she had seen but four times, who had never made her a polite speech, and who knew not how to pay the slightest compliment—who can tell? So many strange things are hidden in the recesses of our hearts, that we ourselves should be often very much puzzled to explain the nature of our sentiments.

When, after a short absence, Madame Dorville returned home in the morning or evening, she never failed asking the porter if any one had called: when she heard that certain of her friends had been there, she made him repeat the names, and would say, "Is that all? Are you quite sure that no one else called?" —"No one Madame," was always the answer, and Caroline would walk in, rolling the visiting cards mechanically in her hand.

At last, the winter was over. To Caroline it had appeared very long, and she often spoke of the wish she felt to return to the country. The days were lengthening, the mornings were beautiful, the trees had resumed their leafy dress, and Louise said to her

mistress, "We shall soon go back to Luzarche, sha'nt we, Madame?"

"Oh, yes, very soon," said Caroline.

However, the week passed, and still they were in town. At the end of several days, Louise said again, "We have got the fine weather at last. As you are so anxious to return to the country, Madame, of course you will soon go?"

"Yes, next week."

But the next week passed away, and no orders were given for their departure. Louise could not understand why her mistress did not do that in spring, which she seemed so anxiously to desire in winter.

But the end of June arrived, and found them still in Paris, whilst every year before, they had taken their departure full two months previous: the waiting-maid was tired of asking her mistress when they should leave for Luzarche. One morning, however, Caroline gave the long-looked-for order for making the necessary preparations.

The evening preceding the day fixed for her departure, Caroline was on her return home after making the numerous purchases necessary, previous to her departure, when, at a short distance from the house, she was modestly accosted by a young man. Caroline raised her eyes, recognized Jean.

"What! is it you, sir,?" said the young lady with a look of surprise, in which there was nothing unpleasant to him who had caused it.

"Yes, Madame; pray excuse me if I take the liberty of stopping you, but I could not resist the desire I feel of bidding you farewell before your departure for the country."

"But, sir, if you felt this wish, what prevented you from calling on me?"

When we have much to say, time passes very quickly, and those moments of forgetfulness are often the happiest.

At length, Jean, with an anxious look, added, "Perhaps, Madame, you feel angry at what I have said, and you do not approve of my thus watching you every time you go out."

"Why should I, sir? You of course have a right to lodge where you please. You see my windows from yours—there is nothing wonderful in your sometimes looking at them; when busy near your window, you have seen me pass—all very natural. What is there to offend me in all this? But a year of retreat—of study, at your time of life, that is something really astonishing."

"I can assure you, Madame, the year passed very quickly, and I could wish——"

"But, good heavens! here we are standing in the middle of the street. I think it would be better to go in."

"Permit me to bid you adieu, Madame."

"You won't come in with me then, sir?"

"Excuse me, Madame, but you have almost always company with you. There is no speaking to you for a moment; and as yet I do not feel equal to that restraint necessarily imposed by society."

"What childishness! it is for himself alone, then, that Monsieur has taken all these pains, studied and worked so hard—that he has acquired such quiet, gentlemanly manners—and, in a word, has altered himself so completely."

"This alteration—ah, Madame, if I dared but tell you to whom I am indebted ——"

"Good heavens! I must go in—every body stares at us—we have been standing here so long."

"It seems to me but a moment!"

"To the passers-by it is a subject of great wonder."

"The blockheads! what is there to look at? they deserve ——"

"Ah, no violence! remember you are not the young man you were."

"You are right; I have need of many lessons yet—and to-morrow you leave for the country?"

"Certainly; July is near at hand—I ought to have been settled some time in my little country-house—by-the-bye, who told you that I leave town to-morrow?"

Jean reddened as he said, "My servant—sometimes asked—in the neighbourhood—when you were about to move."

Caroline smiled, and then said, "Yes, I leave to-morrow for Luzarche; it is seven leagues hence—have you ever been there?"

"No, Madame."

"It is a very pretty place, the neighbourhood is delightful—such pleasant walks, such beautiful views. Are you fond of the country?"

"I have not visited it for a long time, but I am sure I should be delighted with it—with certain persons."

"If you can sacrifice a little time, and don't think you will be *ennuyé* with me ——"

"*Ennuyé* near you!—ah, Madame, could that be possible?—when gazing on you for a minute only has constituted the happiness of a day."

"Well, sir, you must come to Luzarche—besides, you can study there as well as at Paris; and perfect liberty is one of the greatest pleasures of the country."

"You permit me, then, Madame, to pay my respects to you?"

"Yes, sir; and I hope it will not be there as at Paris; and that you will venture to cross the threshhold."

"Ah, Madame, you are goodness itself—how happy shall I be!"

"Upon my word, I must leave you now—I see at last, they are looking out of the windows at us. Adieu, M. Durand."

"Adieu, Madame."

Caroline smiled sweetly on Jean, who remained standing where he was, not to lose sight of her to the last moment. Mme. Dorville knocked at the door—she did not turn her head to take another look at Jean, but I will not swear she felt no wish to do so. At length she entered, and Jean, his heart beating lightly, mounted to his *entresol*.

CHAPTER X.

We are now aware that for nearly a year, that is to say, from the day after M. Chopard's visit, Jean left his lodgings in the Rue de Provence. At first he had no other end in view in moving, than to rid himself of troublesome visitors, being determined to devote himself to study, in order, if possible, to make up for the time he had lost in his youth. But in looking out for another lodging, his steps were naturally directed towards the Rue Richer. There he found this precious *entresol* from whence he could see the house occupied by Mme. Dorville. We may judge the delight with which he settled himself; and there realizing the plan he had conceived, as eager now for study as he had once been impatient of labour, Jean engaged a language-master, a professor of geography, history and literature, and a music-master. He divided his time equally between them; and often, yielding to the new ardour which engrossed him, he passed the greater part of the night in studying that, which he had gone over with his masters in the day-time.

A year is but a short time for the acquiring so many things; but when there is a firm determination, and nature has given a ready capacity, one learns much better at twenty-one than at ten years of age: one understands and reasons on the subject before one; whilst children, for a long time, learn merely like parrots.

Nevertheless, as it is almost impossible, in so short a time, to master so many things, Jean as yet could speak no other language than his own; but at least he could express himself in pure French. He could not argue on literary subjects; but the names of our great authors and their works were no longer strangers to him. He would not now mistake the nuptials of Thetis and Peleus for a scene in the Carnival; and though not as yet capable of playing concerted pieces on the violin, he understood vocal music, the value of the notes, and could sing in time when accompanied. He particularly applied himself to the study of music—for he often thought of the delightful duets sung by Mme. Dorville at the large party; of the tender things which the young man had addressed to her; and he determined that some day he would be equal to singing with her in a similar manner.

When leaving his old lodgings, Jean had said that he was going to Italy, and that a friend had bought his furniture; by which means he got rid of all troublesome visitors.

Bellequeue, who, after his visit to the Chopards, had swathed himself in flannel in order to have nothing to do with Mlle. Adelaide, soon felt his anger against Jean wear away, and yielding, by little and little, to the insinuations of his housekeeper, he ended by admitting that he had spoken much too harshly to his godson at their last meeting.

"Well, then," said Rose, "you must make it up again. What a pretty thing it would be, that you should keep up a quarrel with M. Jean, your godson; a young man who is almost the same as your own son—and all for what?—for Mlle. Chopard!"

"Very true, Rose, it would be extremely unpleasant: but you see the devil of a fellow never comes near me!"

"Why, you know, if you said such harsh unpleasant things to him, how can you expect him to come. It is you that can frighten one when you please."

"Yes, I am aware—that at times I have an awful look!"

"You must go and see him, poor fellow!"

"But, it strikes me, Rose, that it would be more becoming that the young man should make the first overture to a reconciliation."

"But suppose he dares not?—stay, if you choose, I will go myself to M. Jean."

"No, Rose, no," cried Bellequeue, drawing his Scotch cap over his ears; "positively I will go myself."

"Come now, arn't you afraid of letting me go alone to M. Jean: have not you still got some nonsense in your head?"

"No, no, by no means—I know your steadiness—better than any one—but appearances—appearances, my dear child."

Rose turned her head smilingly, and that smile seemed to tell many a tale. Bellequeue, who feared his little housekeeper had not quite given up the idea of seeing his godson, determined to go at once in search of him. He no longer suffered from his attack of gout; he was as light as at forty, and felt almost equal to walking on his toes, as was his wont of old. He set out then to the Rue de Provence.

About two months had passed since his last visit to his godson.

Bellequeue felt truly grieved when, on his arrival at the house, the porter told him, "M. Jean Durand left this about two months ago, it was said, for Italy; I don't know whether he is returned since, nor can I give you any address."

Bellequeue withdrew sorrowfully. He returned to Rose, and said "Jean is gone to Italy! without bidding me farewell! True, we had quarrelled; but he ought to have known me better, and that I always loved him."

"What, gone to Italy?" said Rose; "how odd—perhaps he followed that—some friend."

"Who, Rose?"

"How can I tell? but this I am sure of, that if he is gone to Italy, he will return and hasten to see you; for I am certain he will not keep up a quarrel with you."

Rose had some doubts in her own mind as to the reality of this journey, and she was very sorry she had not asked Jean where his flame lived, for she thought some traces of the fugitive might be found in that neighbourhood. Rose was a woman, and sharp-sighted, and in love affairs women generally guess the truth.

They were not idle either, at the Chopards. Mlle. Adelaide, after breaking the flask of brandy, and swearing the run-a-way should be her husband, appeared to have recovered more command of herself, and affected for some time to think no more of the ingrate who had forsaken her. The papa and mamma were delighted that the daughter had become so reasonable.

"She is too clever not to triumph over her passion," said Mme. Chopard, and her husband replied,

"She begins to open her eyes to this Jean, who has behaved like a *Jack-a-napes*—that is very near a pun! Nevertheless, Adelaide has not returned to the distilling, and I shall never believe her entirely cured of her love, till I find her busy again with the brandy and spirits of wine."

In fact the calm of the young lady was but apparent. At the end of several weeks Adelaide took her mamma's arm, led her to the Rue de Provence, and pointing out Jean's house, said, "Go into the porter's, I entreat you, and make yourself thoroughly acquainted with all about this young man—when he goes out—where he goes—and his whole conduct."

"What young man, child?" said the mamma, with surprise.

"How! what young man!" cried Adelaide, dropping her mother's arm. "Are we not now before the house of that ungrateful, treacherous monster, who trifled with my heart?"

"What, daughter, are you still thinking of Jean?"

"Still thinking — good indeed!—am I still thinking—I do nothing else by day or night."

"I thought, my dear child, that reason had at length——"

"Reason has nothing to do with it; I feel it more than ever: I will upset all Paris, but I will marry him."

"But daughter—"

"Go, mamma, go, speak to the porter, I will wait here."

The fond mother yielded to Adelaide's wishes: she sought the porter, who made the same reply as to Bellequeue, that M. Jean Durand had left for Italy; and the mamma returned with the news to her child.

"Left for Italy!" cried Adelaide, extending wide her arms in such a way, that one fist went full into the face of a little gentleman who was passing near

her; far from thinking of making any apology to the little man, who walked away, rubbing his nose, she iterated, "Left for Italy!—most likely it is a lie, mamma. Run to the porter, ask him if it is not a pretence—give him a piece of fifteen sous that he may not conceal any thing."

Mme. Chopard drew a piece of fifteen sous from her bag, and went to present it to the porter, and then returned saying, "My dear child, it is nothing but the real truth."

Adelaide paced up and down for some time sullenly, and then said, "Did you ask him, mamma, when he would return?"

"Why, you did not—"

"Run, run, run—ask if he will soon return."

Madame Chopard returned to the porter, and then came to Adelaide, saying, "The porter knows nothing whatever about him."

"What a thorough idiot that porter must be!"

They made a few steps homewards, when Adelaide said, "I must see this porter myself—it is not possible—he was trifling with you—you might have got a great deal more for your fifteen sous—wait for me."

Adelaide left her mother in the street, and went herself to Jean's old residence: but despite her prayers, her supplications, and reiterated questions, she could learn nothing more. At length she rejoined her mother, and returned home furious.

Mme. Chopard whispered her husband, "Her love is come back worse than ever."

"I knew it was scarcely extinguished, I told you so. She neglected her preserves—a sure sign she was thinking of something else."

"We must forgive the dear—a first love is so very difficult to overcome!"

"How know you that, Mme. Chopard? I thought

you had nothing to overcome when you became my wife."

"Ah, M. Chopard, you hurt my feelings."

"Nothing but a play on the words, my dear friend."

When Adelaide attained her twentieth year, she had the appearance of being at least five years older: and her parents considering her a full grown woman, perfectly capable of taking care of herself, were accustomed to let her go out alone, to make any purchases in the neighbourhood, or to transact any little detail in the management of the house. They had far too high an opinion of their daughter to fear for a moment that she would ever make an improper use of her liberty.

Some days after the voyage of discovery to the Rue Provence, Adelaide returned alone, and asked the porter if he had since heard any thing of M. Jean. The porter was still in the same story, and the giantess strode away. In two days she made her appearance again, but her pains were unrequited. She still persisted, and every second day brought the porter a visit from his tall friend, at the sight of whom he would have been heartily sick, had not Adelaide, from time to time, slipped a piece of money into his hand to keep herself in his good graces.

"Not even to mention what town in Italy he was gone to!" Adelaide would sometimes cry. "One might at least —— Papa, is Italy far off?"

"Oh, my God! very far off," said M. Chopard, who was afraid his daughter would send him there in search of Jean; "it is quite out of the world; that is to say, it is an immense way off; it is quite at the bottom — of all the mountains."

"Farther than Rouen, where you once took me?"

"Oh a hundred times farther! — and such a hor-

rible climate! — you are suffocated all day, and can get nothing to eat but macaroni. And then the robbers! — the roads are infested with robbers; it very seldom happens that people get there without being robbed five or six times by the way."

"It is not the dread of that would deter me," said Adelaide, "but when one does not know on what side to direct one's steps—he must have followed his new flame—most probably an Italian—those women are great coquettes, and neglect no art to seduce a man."

"They even use philtres," said M. Chopard.

"Some unfair means must have been employed, I am sure—for certainly he once loved me too truly to have changed naturally."

"Adelaide is right," said Madame Chopard; "some one must have thrown a charm over the young man."

"A charm," muttered M. Chopard, who was hammering at a pun. "certainly a *charming* woman—"

"Oh, if I could ferret her out!" said Adelaide: Papa, is Italy very large?"

"What a question! is it large?" A country in which the Romans, Italians, and Latins, can all find room — why it is three times as large as China."

Adelaide sighed, and was silent — for the little journey to Italy, which she had half determined on, was knocked on the head by this intelligence.

Bellequeue had never visited the Chopards since the day he called with his bad news. Adelaide felt that the ci-devant perruquier had behaved exceedingly ill through the whole affair.

"M. Bellequeue could not but have known of this new conquest of M. Jean's, and he ought to have been the first to put us in possession of his godson's change of feeling."

"He has acted very wrong indeed," said Madame Chopard; "and he is quite right in not setting his foot here."

"Oh," said M. Chopard, ", I shall advise him not to attempt it: if he does, I shall take the same tone with him that I did with his godson."

But time slipped away, and despite her almost daily visits to the porter in the Rue de Provence, Adelaide could hear nothing of Jean. Convinced that Bellequeue must know something of his movements, Adelaide yielded to the feelings which agitated her so strongly, and repaired one morning to the house of Jean's godfather.

It was eleven o'clock; Bellequeue had just stepped out, when Rose heard some one ring violently.

"Good heavens!" said the little servant, "how like M. Jean's ring:" she ran to open the door, but in place of Jean, saw Mlle. Chopard, who was very well known to her, as Adelaide had oftened accompanied her father in his visits to his friend.

"Is M. Bellequeue within?" said Adelaide, in the abrupt manner and with the sulky look which she usually wore when she thought it unnecessary to call up her best looks.

"No, Mademoiselle, he is not," replied Rose, suiting her voice and manner to those of the querist.

"Oh, he is not: how comes it that he goes out so soon?"

"He goes out when he pleases—it would be a pretty thing, indeed, were he to shut himself up for fear some one should call upon him: besides, I am at home, and those who come here, know very well it is the same thing if they speak to my master or to me."

Adelaide smiled disdainfully; "Oh, it is the same thing, is it?"

Rose, tossing her head, muttered, "The saucy jade! what a fuss she makes."

"Will he soon be back?" said Adelaide, after a moment's pause.

"I don't know," replied Rose, drily.

Adelaide was withdrawing, but as Rose wished to learn the object of her visit, she recollected herself, and said, "Now I think of it, my master can't be long, for I remember he told me he expected his tailor about this time."

"Well, then, I will wait for him," said Adelaide, entering, and seating herself in the little parlour.

Rose followed her, broom in hand, saying, "You are sure to see him if you wait; Monsieur will go no where but to the Cabinet of Natural History, and he stops only a quarter of an hour before each bird."

Adelaide was seated for some time without speaking. Rose bustled about the room, saying to herself, "You won't condescend to open your mouth, won't you? I will make you talk before long."

In a few minutes she said, maliciously, all the time affecting to be very busy, "If I mistake not, Mademoiselle was to have been married to my master's godson."

"Ah! you have heard so, have you?" said Adelaide, smiling bitterly.

"I have already told Mademoiselle that I am acquainted with all—everything that interests M. Bellequeue; besides, this is not the first time I have had the *honour* of seeing Mademoiselle Chopard."

"Yes, I recollect, I came here with Pa, two or three times."

"Oh! with *Pa*," said Rose, turning round to hide a smile: "the little darling!—six feet high—she still talks of her *Pa*—what a pity she has not a doll in

her arms!" then, assuming an indifferent tone of voice,—"very odd the business halts in this way—it was said that every thing was settled."

"As you know all, you must be aware of the disgraceful conduct of M. Jean towards my parents—I speak not of myself—I think no more of him than I do of a Cossack —"

"I believe as much of that as I please," said Rose to herself.

"As to M. Bellequeue, his conduct has been anything but what might have been expected from an old friend. With the authority he possessed—and over a young man who had neither father nor mother, he might have married him to whom he chose."

"But surely, Mamzelle, after all, you would not *force* the inclinations of M. Jean."

"How force—much he would have been to be pitied indeed!—he adored me."

"That is to say, you thought so," replied Rose, smiling.

"How? what do you mean?" cried Adelaide, rising, —"thought so—you are master of his secrets then—you know the bottom of his heart—perhaps you know the new object of his admiration! Oh, I am sure you do—speak, young woman—speak—speak then."

"Good heavens! what a heat you are in—and all for a man you don't care about!"

"Whether I am in a heat or not, that's my business; I beg you will answer me."

"But surely you did not come here to talk with the *young woman*," cried Rose, mocking her; "and as your business lies with M. Bellequeue——"

"Ah, I see that you will not be long unacquainted with it—yes, it was relative to M. Jean that I wished to see your master. As papa is very angry, and swears that M. Jean shall fall by his hand, I wished

to learn, from M. Bellequeue, the address of the young man, that I might give him warning to avoid papa — a meeting with whom he would dearly rue."

"Oh! if that is all, I think M. Jean would soon get over his fear of M. Chopard's anger. Besides, *my master* does not know where he is. As for the love you think he had for you — when you saw the young man become pensive and thoughtful, sure enough, it was love that rendered him so; but you may make yourself quite easy that it was not for you."

"Go on — who did he love?" said Adelaide, twisting her handkerchief with rage.

"Oh, a *really* handsome woman — so he told me — a woman of high fashion — elegant — "

"What wretches these men are! — you were his confidante, young woman?"

"Why, yes; M. Jean placed a great deal of confidence in me, and told me all his thoughts."

"And where did he see this woman?"

"One of those whom he saved from the robbers."

"Oh, frightful! — one of those women whom he met in the street, — some wretched girl! — and am I deserted for such an object?"

"Not at all an object — it seems that she is a woman of high birth, and immensely rich; with three carriages and twenty servants. — I must tell her all that to vex her," said Rose to herself.

"A princess, I suppose? — A pretty princess! to be wandering alone at night in the Rue des Trois Pavillons. Is she an Italian?"

"I don't know whether she is an Italian or a Turk; M. Jean did not exactly tell me — but one thing is certain — he loves her! Oh! he loves her with such strength — "

"If it was with the strength of a Sampson, I tell you he should never marry her!"

"Psha! who will hinder him?"

"I!"

"You!"

"Yes, I will, young woman."

"Why, it may have taken place already — who can tell?"

"And the name of this wonderful beauty?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know!"

"No, M. Jean did not tell me."

"Very extraordinary! — and her residence?"

"Can't say."

"Not know her residence—you,—the confidante of M. Jean!"

"No, Mamzelle, I don't—or if I do I will not tell you, for that would be to betray the secrets of true love.—I must make her believe I know his address," said Rose to herself.

"Mademoiselle Rose, I desire you will give me the stranger's address," said Adelaide with sparkling eyes.

"Mademoiselle, I will not tell you," said Rose, beginning to dust about.

"Take care, young woman! I shall see M. Bellequeue some other time, and get your master to turn you away, if you don't give me the direction."

"You get me turned away!" said Rose, raising a cloud of dust from her whisk, "very pretty indeed! but the misfortune is, *my master* will listen to my story first, and it will most probably end in his begging you to stay at home quietly with your *pa*, and not be coming here kicking up a dust for a husband."

These last words raised Adelaide's anger to the highest pitch. "I will not degrade myself to a level with a servant," said she, and she walked out, making the floor tremble under her. Rose shut the

door after her, saying, "Good God! what a fury it is!"

"Mlle. Chopard's visit to Bellequeue, had no other result. The year passed away, and brought no news of Jean, who was studying very quietly all the time on his little *entresol*, in the Rue Richer, whilst Bellequeue felt uneasy about him—Rose was astonished at not seeing him—and Adelaide was keeping up her visiting acquaintance with the porter of the Rue de Provence.

CHAPTER XI.

It was not long before Jean availed himself of Mme. Dorville's invitation, for his love for study was not equal to that for Caroline ; and, besides, when it is to please an amiable and clever woman, that one endeavours to make up for the want of early education, it is in her company that the most valuable lessons are to be learned. Professors teach us science, women teach us to please ; we leave the first, proud of our erudition and desirous of showing it ; we learn from the second to cover the rigidity of the schools by the outward forms of gallantry and politeness, and to love the pretty nothings, which are of value as coming from a handsome mouth. In a word, from women we learn to listen, than which nothing more recommends one in the world. How many people there are who can do nothing but talk.

Jean, who was now acquainted with the usages of the world, allowed Mme. Dorville time to arrive and settle herself in her country-house. After six days, passed very impatiently, he at length started for

Luzarche, mounted on a handsome horse, which he had purchased, and followed by his servant.

The seven leagues were accomplished in less than three hours. Jean relaxed the pace of his courser as he approached the neighbourhood inhabited by Caroline. When we are on the point of attaining the object of our desires, it often seems as if a secret voice told us not to be too anxious, for that hope was happiness itself.

Jean had not asked Mme. Dorville the exact situation of her house, being well persuaded that he should know it at sight. Seeing a handsome mansion, designed with great taste, Jean cried, "That is it," and dismounting, he knocked at the door and asked for Mme. Dorville. A young girl opened the door and said, "Mme. Dorville's house is farther off, at the bottom of the second lane on the left."

Jean, thanked her, and remounted, very much astonished, that his heart could have deceived him—but if the heart were capable of divining every thing, we should be exposed to many an odd scene.

At length he perceived the much desired house. It was plainer than the one at which he had first stopped, but its simplicity was in good taste. In front was a lawn enclosed by a treillage covered with honeysuckle. The house was of two stories, with a vestibule in the centre, the doors of which being open, showed a handsome garden behind.

Jean took little notice of all this: but he saw a lady at one of the lower windows, and he put his horse in a canter, for that lady was Caroline, who, by chance no doubt, was very often looking down the lane which led to the high road. The young traveller was soon before her, and Caroline observed that he sat his horse extremely well.

Caroline came down to receive her visitor. Jean

reddened as he accosted her, saying, "You see, Madame, that I have availed myself of your invitation."

"You are very good to do so: I forgot to tell you whereabouts I lived, and feared you would not be able to find me out. Are you tired?"

"Not at all."

"Well, then, I will walk you over all my possessions; you must resign yourself to such an infliction when you visit country folk; I shall not let you overlook a single rose-tree; but first let me introduce you to the faithful companions of my solitude."

Jean followed Caroline into a parlour on the ground floor; there he saw seated, a most respectable looking old lady, who was reading a newspaper, and a little farther off a young girl was seated before a piano. The old lady, Mme. Marcellin, had been a friend of Caroline's mother; her fortune was but small, and Caroline always gave her an invitation to the country, which Mme. Marcellin accepted with pleasure.. The young girl, named Laura, was the daughter of respectable people who had been reduced in the world, and who were unable to give their child any other than the plainest education. Caroline brought Laura into the country with her, and amused herself by teaching her music, for which the young girl showed very great taste.

Thanks to these companions, Madame Dorville could also receive at her house whoever she pleased, without laying herself open to those remarks which would no doubt have been made, had she been living alone.

Jean bowed to the old lady, who took off her spectacles, and laid down her paper as he entered the room. Laura curtsied, and then went on with her occupation.

"Here," said Caroline, to Jean, "are my companions, good and true, in this little house. Whenever

you feel disposed to join our party, you will give me great pleasure. Without boasting a castle, we have still room for those who are willing to pass a few days with us, and you will be your own master, for here we are free as air. We work, read, walk, just as we please; at the hours of meals only, I exact punctuality. We claim no attention, but that paid with good will; and, as the small talk of women does not always please gentlemen—well, we wish good night, and seek our own rooms."

Jean felt delighted at the amiable manner in which Caroline welcomed him. He would, however, have preferred finding her alone in her country-house; but to be near her, was a great deal, and Madame Dorville had engaged him to spend several days, a happiness he had scarce dared hope for.

"Come, and see my domain," said Caroline, herself taking his hand. He allowed himself to be conducted, quite moved by finding Caroline's pretty hand holding his, and charmed that the manners of good company permitted this delightful familiarity.

They walked round the garden, which was very large, and visited in succession a little nut-grove, grotto, summer-house, and meadow. On their return, Caroline shewed every thing, from her dairy down to her pigeon-house, saying, "You know I gave you warning that I should not spare you anything." Jean found every thing delightful, and though he did not always pay attention to what was shown him, yet he never lost sight of his lovely conductress, and thought how delightful her presence would render study.

Caroline led her guest into a little room where there were several shelves furnished with books and drawing materials.

"Here, sir," said the young widow, smiling, "we work, study, or read; as I generally spend five months

of the year in the country, I like to have my favourite authors about me. There are not above a hundred volumes there; but you will admit that if well chosen, one may learn much from them. This is also our drawing-school, and I give Laura lessons every day. We have everything here but music. Now, sir, you are free of the house, and whenever you are kind enough to pay me a visit, you can, whenever so disposed, avail yourself of this room which I have dignified with the name of library."

"Ah, I shall often come, Madame — if you will allow me, and if my presence does not inconvenience," said Jean, looking at Caroline.

She dropped her eyes, replying "If your presence inconvenienced me, should I have invited you here?"

"But in the world — it is said — that people often meet without caring about each other."

"Here we are out of the world; I receive, no doubt, many visits I could willingly dispense with—but such people — I never invite to study with me."

"Ah! how delighted am I, Madame, to be of the number of those whom you admit to your intimacy. How have I deserved such happiness?"

"Your frankness prepossessed me from the first in your favour. But I was annoyed by your manner—somewhat free—your expressions— at times vulgar—all which put me in pain for you. Excuse me, I hurt you by saying so."

"Far, very far from it, indeed, Madame. Is it not from you that I receive my most valuable lessons?—is it not to you I owe——"

Just then a sound of a bell was heard—"That is the dinner-hour," cried Caroline. "That bell announces it—oh, we do everything here in first-rate style. Come, sir, we must not keep them waiting."

Jean followed his young hostess. The old lady

and Laura were already in the eating-room: they placed themselves at table. At first, Jean was somewhat embarrassed; but the amiability and gaiety of Caroline soon made him lose that constraint which prevented the free use of his faculties. He felt, after a time, completely at his ease. He expressed himself with more facility, dared to say what he thought, and at length led the conversation, because he felt that no one would ridicule what he said. For the first time, in Caroline's company, he was gay and witty. Nevertheless, Caroline did not feel astonished; she had divined that Jean might become that and more.

After dinner they walked in the garden. Jean was quite surprised, that he was already on the footing of an old acquaintance with Caroline. Nevertheless he did not permit himself any liberty or familiarity unauthorized by good breeding; but he was astonished at finding how far frankness, amiability, and enjoyment, were compatible with polished manners. In the evening they repaired to the drawing-room. Laura placed herself at the piano, and Caroline said to Jean, "I am afraid music will tire you; you are not fond of it."

"Pardon me," replied Jean, "I am very fond of it now, and I even begin to—sing—a little."

"What! sir, have you learnt music also? Let us hear at once what you can do. I will accompany you. Here is choice of songs."

Caroline placed herself at the piano: Jean stood behind her. He chose a little thing which he knew, and sang at first hurriedly; but after a time, with considerable taste and feeling; because being behind Caroline's chair, her looks did not disturb him. But above the piano was a mirror. Jean soon saw the features of his mistress, and encountered her beautiful

eyes. He lost himself at once—became confused—and could not go on.

"Well, what is the matter? why do you stop?" said Caroline, "you were going on so well! Come, sir, let us try again. Recollect you must work here."

Jean finished the trifle. Caroline cried every instant, "Astonishing!—in so short a time—to sing so well already—with so much feeling!" and the lovely woman turned her head to look at Jean. He felt that there was something in that look which amply repaid him for the labours of a year.

"I know also, a few duets," said Jean, "who had already in great measure conquered his fear."

"Duets? which!"

"Why—first—there is that—which you sang at that great party where—I met you."

"Yes, I recollect—*the Duet des Aubergistes de Qualité*—here it is, let us try it together."

Jean felt his heart beat at hearing Caroline's sweet tones, and scarcely dared to join his voice with hers; but he was encouraged, scolded, and compelled to go over again, any passage in which his agitation had made him fail. Though nothing was lost on her, Caroline affected not to observe the expression of his eyes, or the emotion of his voice, when he came to speak of love.

"We shall make something of you," said she. "Laura sings well, she will be your mistress. It would be really scandalous if you did not become a good musician."

Jean bowed. He found not words as yet to express all that he would fain say, or, perhaps, he felt that he must not yet venture to say all that he felt.

By this time the old lady, Mme. Marcellin, had shut her book, and taken her candle to withdraw. Jean did not exactly understand what footing he was

on, or whether he had actually been invited to stay a few days or not. In this uncertainty he arose, took his hat, and looked at Caroline, uneasily.

"Well, sir," said she, "what are you about; are you leaving us?"

"But, Madame — I did not know —"

"No, sir, you must stay with us some days; that is, if you have nothing to prevent you."

"Excuse me, Madame — I am master of my own time — but I was not sure that I ought —"

Caroline smiled again, then, ringing for her waiting-maid, Louise appeared, and she desired her to shew Jean to his chamber.

Jean bowed profoundly, and followed the servant, who conducted him to a handsome room on the second floor, where she left him. Jean went to bed quite giddy with his happiness. The thought that he was under the same roof with Caroline—that he was her guest, and would be so for several days, kept him awake all night. But we cannot enjoy everything; and after all, is sleep a blessing when all our thoughts are *couleur de rose?*

When a man passes a sleepless night, there is nothing wonderful at his rising at an early hour in the morning. Jean was on foot at break of day. His first thought was to send his servant back to Paris, for he saw no necessity for troubling Mme. Dorville's household with him. Jean then repaired to the gardens, and trod with delight those alleys, walks, and shades, which were embellished every day with Caroline's presence. It seemed to him, that the air which he breathed was softer, and that nature was more beautiful wherever that charming woman had carried her steps. Which of us has not felt this influence caused by the loved object — this magic spell thrown on all lovers? and yet there are people who will tell

you, there are no sorcerers, no magicians—when a child can transform for us, a cottage into a palace—a dark wood, or an obscure cave, into a delightful retreat! and what are the means he employs? fine eyes, a graceful foot, or a little turned-up nose. Your Armidas, Circes, Medeas, were weak indeed, compared with this child.

Jean was absorbed in his thoughts. He paused before a group of trees, near to which was a mossy bank. This seat particularly attracted him; or may-be, he never saw it at all, for lovers are like Myopes; their thoughts are often far away from that which they appear to look at. All at once he was accosted in a well-known voice, with "What is the strong attraction here?"

Jean turned to Caroline, and said, "I was looking at this mossy bank."

"That bank — why, there is nothing very extraordinary in it."

"I was thinking how often you must have been seated there."

Jean said nothing more; but this simple speech went to Caroline's heart. Contrasted with it, how cold appeared all those studied complimental speeches to which she had been accustomed. For some moments she was thoughtful also, and Jean did not ask the reason why.

Little Laura soon appeared to say that breakfast was ready. Caroline had already recovered herself, and they returned to the house. After breakfast, Mme. Marcellin seized the newspapers with eagerness, to the study of which, the greatest part of her day was devoted. Caroline and Laura repaired to the library, and Jean followed them. He read whilst the ladies were drawing. From time to time his eyes wandered from his book. He turned them on his

amiable hostess, and by chance, no doubt, he sometimes encountered hers: she would then say, smilingly, "Well, sir, why don't you read?"

"Excuse me Madame — I was — meditating on what I had been reading."

"A most excellent plan, sir."

The young man fibbed a little, but when we assume the manners of the world, the learning to fib is a matter of course.

When Caroline and her pupil had finished their drawing-lesson, they left Jean alone in the library, and not till then did he give himself up to study, and feel the force of what he was reading. He then returned to the parlour, and Laura gave him a music-lesson. After dinner, they walked in the garden or neighbourhood, and closed the evening with singing and the piano.

Several days passed in this way. Jean was too well pleased to take any step which might endanger his happiness. He idolized Caroline, but he feared if he made the avowal of his love, that she might be displeased and no longer permit his visits. This fear alone kept him silent. But if his tongue spoke not, his eyes plainly told the secret of his heart. Whenever by accident he found himself alone with her, his eyes sought hers, which ever shone benevolently, but that might be only from a friendly feeling. No doubt she was good and amiable, but could she ever feel love for him? Jean did not believe himself worthy of her heart, for he never could forget what he had once been.

Eight days passed rapidly away. Jean feared that for a first visit he had stayed over long, and on the morning of the ninth, he prepared to take leave.

"You are leaving us?" said Caroline to him. Never did her voice sound so sweet, and the look of re-

proach with which she accompanied her words, enchanted Jean, who was almost ready to reply that he would stay; however, mustering his courage, he said that business called him to Paris.

"If it is long before you return," said little Laura, "you will forget all that you have learnt."

"You hear," said Caroline, "your music-mistress desires you will soon come back."

The lovely woman said no more, but looked as if Laura had spoken her thoughts. Jean took her hand timidly; he pressed it in his, but dared not carry it to his lips. How many things there were which he yet dared not do, though formerly he had been so bold and enterprising. But extremes meet, and he was no longer the Jean of other days.

He at length tore himself away from the delightful retreat, and said, as he returned to Paris, "Good manners made me shorten my visit this time, but when I return I will stay till she herself tells me it is time to leave."

CHAPTER XII.

JEAN found his little *entresol* lonely enough; for Mme. Dorville was no longer near him. He could not hope to see her pass in the street, the days appeared of a mortal length, and it was in vain he attempted to lose himself in study. After eight days, which seemed eternal, Jean could hold out no longer, but repaired to the country. "If she appears displeased at seeing me again so soon, if she receives me coldly," said he to himself, "be it so; I will avow that I cannot exist at a distance from her. If she is importuned by my presence, let me at least breathe the same air that she does—let me but repose under the same roof that shelters her, and I will never utter a word of my love."

His heart whispered that Caroline would not be displeased at his eagerness to see her again. Yielding to this delightful hope, he pressed the flanks of his courser, who soon reached Luzarche covered with foam.

Jean threw himself from his horse, which he gave in charge to the gardener, who also officiated as hostler,

and asked if Mme. Dorville was within; "My mistress has just stepped into the garden," replied he.

Delighted at the news, Jean slipt a piece of gold into the man's hand, and ran into the garden without stopping in the house.

Jean was well acquainted with the garden: he quickly traversed the greater part of it, but had not yet met Caroline, when, from the bottom of a walk he at length saw the young widow seated on the same bank of turf before which she had found him in contemplation a few days back.

Jean stopped; Caroline could not see him—he bent forward to see how she was employed—Caroline had neither book, work, or drawing. Her head rested on one of her hands; her eyes were fixed on the turf, her bosom heaved gently, and she appeared entirely lost in thought.

Jean stirred not, but he sighed and said, "Of what, of whom, is she now thinking?"

Some minutes passed in this way, when Caroline turned her head suddenly, and saw Jean immoveable, about four paces from her.

"What! is it you? You here!" said Caroline with surprise.

"Yes, Madame, I have just arrived; they told me you were in the garden, and I came in search of you."

"And you stand there without speaking to me!"

"I saw you—that was happiness enough."

"Really, M. Jean, I shall begin to think you are too much a man of the world, if you pay compliments in this way."

"Compliments! No Madame, I will never pay any. I will preserve my old frankness—for it was the only good quality I had to boast of."

"Good heavens! how warm you are; you seem overcome with heat."

"I came rather fast."

"Well, sit down at all events."

Jean did not wait for a second invitation, but seated himself by Caroline, who rejoined, looking at him with interest, "How absurd, to fatigue yourself so! what occasion for so much hurry?"

"Why—that I might the sooner see you."

"Paris then has not made you forget the country?"

"Ah! Madame, I was so happy whilst staying with you, that I scarcely appeared to live in Paris, I could no longer resist the desire I felt—perhaps this strong desire renders me wanting in those observances—"

"M. Jean, I have already told you that these ceremonies are waived between friends. Don't you wish to be considered as such?"

"Your friend! the name is very sweet—and yet—there is one sweeter still—"

A sigh accompanied these words, which Caroline pretended not to observe, and said laughingly, "Good heavens, how grave we are becoming! one would think we were discussing something very melancholy, but I hope there is nothing of the kind. Come Sir, I must not have any more of these grave looks."

"Well then, I will strive to be gay, Madame," said Jean sighing very deeply.

Caroline looked at him smilingly, but encountering his eyes, there was something so tender in their expression, that she too sighed and blushed in her turn.

Just then, Laura came to announce some neighbours who had called to pay a visit. Caroline rose, saying to Jean, "We must go to the parlour—good breeding requires it."

Jean followed, saying to himself, "Good breeding then, has its bad side like every thing else."

The party which had arrived, consisted of a husband, his wife and four children, who called themselves

neighbours of Mme. Dorville, because they had a place at Chantilly, where, by-the-bye, they were never to be found, as they passed the whole summer visiting in the neighbourhood, quartering themselves without ceremony, first at one house and then at another. Caroline, who had often met them in Paris, felt herself obliged to welcome a family, the head of whom was a wearisome bore, his wife an affected fool, and the children four little devils who would upset every thing in a house and garden, whilst the father never ceased repeating "Oh, never mind the boys, let them go where they please; they have been too well brought up to meddle with any thing."

Whilst Caroline received the Deschamps, Jean payed his respects to Mme. Marcellin and Laura; then, as he despaired of being another moment alone with Caroline, he intended betaking himself to the library, but M. Deschamps laid hold of him and began a conversation on the pleasures of the country, which he seemed to think he was quite capable of doing justice to, as he rarely allowed Jean to say other than yes, or no. Tired to death with his prating, Jean beat a retreat to the garden, but M. Deschamps followed him there, and every tree, every bush, every flower, furnished him with matter anew for his disquisitions, on the country. Poor Jean lost all hope of escape, when Caroline, who saw that he had been M. Deschamps' victim for more than two hours, came to his rescue, announcing that Laura was ready to give him a music lesson. Jean thanked her with a glance and left her in company with this gentleman, who could dilate so fully on the pleasures of the country.

Jean flattered himself that, after dinner, the Deschamps would take their leave. But at the dessert, the worthy head said to Caroline: "Mme. Dorville, we have come without ceremony to pass a week with

you. We then go to M. Grandfort's, at Ecouen, where we spend a fortnight; from that to Pierrefite, to Mme. Duparc's: we then spend three weeks at Beaumont, and a month at Louvres. We have so many engagements, that our whole summer is taken up. But you must promise to come and see us at Chantilly, Mme. Dorville; we shall be delighted to receive your visit."

M. Deschamps never invited any one to his house without taking right good care, that they should know he was not likely to be at home. Whilst he was speaking, Jean looked at Caroline, and his eyes seemed to say, "What! are you going to sacrifice a week to these people?" A slight smile, which appeared on the lips of the lovely woman, showed Jean that she understood his thoughts. However, she replied very politely to M. Deschamps, "You are extremely good, coming to see me in this way. A little later, and I should have missed you; for I am expected at a neighbour's four or five days hence."

"Well then, we will pass the interval with you, and we will give three days more to M. Grandfort."

"Five very pretty days we shall pass!" said Jean to himself. In fact, as long as the Deschamps family remained, it was impossible to enjoy a moment's quiet without leaving the house. In the morning, M. Deschamps fastened on every one, followed them every where, even to the library; there was no means of escaping him. The children destroyed every thing in the garden, plucked fruits and flowers, and busied themselves in pulling up the young trees, in order to plant them elsewhere; and in the evening, the voice of the papa, joined to the cries of his four children, completely put to flight all attempts at music.

At length, the fifth day arrived, the Deschamps took leave, (on their departure, as M. Deschamps em-

phatically said, for Ecouen,) and then pressed Mme. Dorville to come and see them at Chantilly.

Every one appeared to breathe freer, when relieved from the presence of this tiresome family. After the departure of the Deschamps, they resumed at Caroline's the occupations they so much loved. They recovered their spirits, as they could hear and speak once more. Jean, who strove to render himself worthy of his charming friend, made rapid progress in music, and passed several hours every morning in the library. A look or word from Caroline repaid him for his assiduity; and what a sweet recompense was it to be near her! and even when nothing was said, when each seemed lost in thought, Jean found that time flew. How rapidly the hours pass away in company with those we love.

Ten days after the departure of the Deschamps, a handsome cabriolet drew up at Mme. Dorville's, and Mme. Beaumont and M. Valcourt were announced.

Valcourt had long wished to visit the young widow in the country. He entreated Mme. Beaumont to accompany him, and at length persuaded on her to comply.

The ladies were seated below when the new comers arrived. Caroline received them in her usual graceful manner. Valcourt apologized for the liberty he had taken in accompanying Mme. Beaumont. He was listened to, and welcomed with politeness.

Valcourt looked about him with admiration; and whilst he was crying, "What a delightful retreat! how willingly I would pass my life here!" Mme. Beaumont told Caroline, she was come to spend a few days with her.

"How very kind of you," said Caroline, smilingly; but the smile came not from the heart; and a keen

observer would not have failed to see, that it was one of politeness only.

Jean was busy in the library, whilst Mme. Beaumont and Valcourt, were establishing themselves in the house. Laura came to him, and said, "There is more company below—people from Paris. How unpleasant! one can't practise before strangers."

Jean thought it unpleasant too, though not exactly, because it interfered with his singing. But there was no help for it; and at all events, this lady and gentleman could not be worse than the Deschamps.

Jean arranged his dress before he went down, and then presented himself with that ease—that grace—which he had acquired in Caroline's society. All the company were assembled. Mme. Beaumont looked at Jean, whose dress and manners were so different formerly, as on one she had never seen before. But Valcourt recognized at once the young man, at whose expence he had laughed so much; and his looks expressed the surprise, the anger which he felt, at again meeting him at Mme. Dorville's.

Jean bowed politely; then seating himself near Mme. Marcellin, he began conversing with her, whilst Mme. Beaumont whispered Caroline, who is the gentleman, my dear friend; I think I have seen him somewhere."

"It is M. Durand."

"What the man who was so very vulgar!"

"Yes, my dear friend."

"But he does not strike me as being the same."

"Because, in fact, he is no longer the same, and you see that one may now receive him without compromising oneself."

These words were accompanied with rather an ironical smile. Whilst these ladies were talking, Valcourt never took his eyes off Jean; he was in utter despair

at not being able to find anything to criticise in his dress.

The dinner-bell was heard ; Jean presented his hand to Mme. Beaumont, and they seated themselves at table. At first very little was said, as all seemed on their guard ; but Mme. Beaumont soon began to recount the Paris news, and Valcourt, who took it for granted, that Jean would be at a loss for conversation, determined to draw him out. But to the utter astonishment of the young coxcomb, Jean expressed himself extremely well ; and though he did not make use of periphrasis, or metaphor, or press into his service the fashionable words of the day ; he yet showed, that he was fully capable of sustaining his part in the conversation.

Valcourt bit his lips with anger ; he looked alternately at Caroline and Jean, and had already indulged in one or two meaning speeches, which had not escaped the young widow's notice, though Jean paid no attention to them.

After dinner, the party adjourned to the garden ; Valcourt never left Caroline's side for a single moment, and was prodigal of his cares and attentions. Although his gaiety appeared somewhat forced, Jean, however, was not the less annoyed by it. He sighed, and turning into a solitary walk, said, " After all, the Deschamps family was better than this."

The evening assembled all the company together. On entering, Caroline said, in a low voice to Jean, " Why did you not stay with us in the garden."

" I feared — being troublesome."

" You were wrong, sir : henceforth, I beg you will also keep me company."

These words restored happiness to Jean ; and Valcourt, who saw him smile, grinned horribly as he seated himself at the piano.

Valcourt was requested to sing. After a great deal of pressing, he consented, and warbled two little songs. He then begged Caroline to sing a *nocturne*, with him, who consented, and Valcourt looked all triumph as he blended his voice with Madame Dorville's. Jean said nothing, seated in a corner he was all attention. The song finished, Caroline asked him to sing a duet with her. Jean waited not to be bid a second time, but hastened to the piano, Valcourt throwing himself in an arm chair, muttered — "A pretty hand he'll make of it!"

To the no less surprise than regret of the young coxcomb, Jean acquitted himself extremely well. If he did not indulge in cadences and other embellishments, he yet sang with taste and feeling, which were well worth them all.

"Upon my word, extremely well!" said Madame Beaumont, "the gentleman has a very fine voice."

"Would not it have been a thousand pities, if M. Durand had not studied music?"

"A most shocking loss indeed," cried Valcourt, ironically. "It seems the gentleman has made good use of his time. If I remember, he told me, and not long ago either, that music made him as dull as ditch-water."

Caroline was annoyed at this ill-natured speech of Valcourt's. But Jean replied very quietly, "To tell you the truth, sir, I have learnt a great deal in a very short time; for I wished to show myself worthy of this lady's goodness, and not to conduct myself in such a way in her house, as that she should have to blush for ever having known me."

Valcourt bit his lips, and said nothing. Caroline hastily interposed: she spoke of the country, flowers, gardening; but the conversation languished. The party broke up, and the company separated at an early

hour, Valcourt kissing Madame Dorville's hand, and Jean throwing a look, to which Caroline replied with her eyes.

Next morning, Jean was in the garden at an early hour, hoping to meet Caroline alone for a moment. But Valcourt was as early as he, and came dancing down the walks in admiration of the flowers around him. When Caroline made her appearance, he was the first to accost her. The handsome widow, who saw Jean in the distance, directed her steps that way; but Valcourt never left her for a moment, and overpowered her with his compliments, at which she laughed, and Jean said nothing.

All were assembled at breakfast, Caroline behaving with her usual amiability. Jean was thoughtful, and Valcourt had resumed his usual bantering tone; convinced that Jean spoke seldom for fear of making some awkward mistake, the young coxcomb talked away, to show his superiority; he spoke of literature, politics, manners, arts, and smiled with a triumphant air, at seeing that Jean took no share in the conversation.

"I shall go and read in the garden," said Madame Beaumont.

"After breakfast I intend walking in the neighbourhood," said Valcourt.

"I shall study in the library," said Jean.

"Study!" repeated Valcourt, quizingly.

"Yes, sir, study."

"May I ask, do you ever study a country-dance?"

This question recalling his adventure at the large party, brought the blood to Jean's face. His eyes kindled, but Caroline looked at him, and he restrained himself; whilst Valcourt, who thought he had made a very happy hit, continued, — "because some one told me you did not shine in that dance, and as you

are in the way of learning so many things, you may as well add dancing to the number."

Jean made no reply, he left the room, bowing slightly to the ladies. Caroline soon took Laura's arm; but Valcourt stopped her, and asked her smilingly, "if she too was going to study."

"I am in my own house, sir, and am not aware that I am in any way responsible to you. I beg you will not forget it, sir."

These words, and the tone in which they were pronounced, convinced Valcourt that he had given offence in what he had said to Jean. The coxcomb was left alone, and he paced towards the garden, saying, "Can Madame Dorville prefer this—Durand?—no—it is impossible! she has too much taste. Let this tall blockhead study as he may, will he ever attain the style—the finish?——Ha, ha! how silly he looked when I spoke to him of the country-dance. He took himself off without being able to find a word in reply."

Just then, Valcourt raised his eyes, and saw Jean, who turned out of a neighbouring walk, and was coming straight towards him.

"Sir," said Jean, with perfect calmness, "I was watching an opportunity of finding you alone, that we may understand each other."

"What do you mean, sir?" said Valcourt impertinently, although he began to think that Jean had found a word in reply to him.

"In advising me, sir, to learn the country-dance, was it your intention to insult me."

"Egad! take it just as you please; am I accountable to you for my intentions? very pleasant, indeed."

"I don't know if it is very pleasant, sir; but I am astonished that a man who piques himself on his gentility, should conduct himself as you have done: had

I not been restrained by the presence of those ladies, I should have spoken to you before this."

"So, sir, you take it upon you to lecture me, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I wish to lecture you on good breeding."

"Insolent!"

"No altercation—and above all, sir, no noise, or you will make me think that before you fight, you must get your blood up. Besides, Madame Dorville must know nothing of this business, and it is not in her neighbourhood that it ought to be settled. I am off for Paris—to-morrow morning at five o'clock I hope to meet you at the Barrière de l'Etoile."

"You will find me there, sir."

Jean bowed to Valcourt, and then desired the gardener to saddle his horse. He went to his room, made his preparations for departure, and descended, still uncertain whether he should withdraw without taking leave of Madame Dorville, or not. But in crossing the vestibule, he met Caroline, who came towards him.

"Where are you going?—I see Pierre is getting your horse ready."

"I am going—to Paris."

"Going! and why leave me so suddenly? Is it M. Valcourt's presence that drives you away? surely you cannot think I prefer the society of such a coxcomb to yours. What, if he said this morning something that may have displeased you! for goodness sake don't mind it—I entreat of you. Ah, my friend, it is to be regretted that there are so many people in the world we are obliged to endure."

Caroline had never before addressed Jean in so tender, so affectionate a manner: it was the first time she had ever called him her friend, and this appellation sounded so sweetly from her mouth, that Jean

was overcome and transported with pleasure; he scarce knew what he ought to do. But the appointment was made—to fail in it would be a crime. He replied, after a moment's pause, "I recollect some business which imperatively requires my presence in Paris this evening, but I shall soon return I hope—perhaps to-morrow. Ah, Madame! need I tell you that I live but in your presence."

Caroline held her hand to Jean, saying, "Go then, but return quickly." Jean seized the lovely hand which was yielded to him, and covered it with kisses. Then, summoning all his resolution, he mounted his horse, and withdrew from Luzarche.

Caroline returned languidly to the parlour, where she talked some time with the ladies. Valcourt soon joined them. He was still gallant and witty, but something less lively than he had been in the morning.

At dinner, Mme. Beaumont missed M. Durand, and asked what had become of him.

"He has left us," said Caroline, "for Paris, where he had business."

Nothing more was said; but in the evening, after walking some time in the garden, Valcourt announced that he too must return to Paris.

"What! leaving us already?" said Mme. Beaumont.

"Yes, fair lady, I have business in Paris, but I shall fly to rejoin you ——"

"You will not find me here," said Caroline, "I therefore beg you will not trouble yourself on my account."

Valcourt was thunderstruck: he felt this to be his dismissal. He bowed and said, "Farewell, then, Madame—but if you are very impatient for the return of M.—Jean Durand, it is just possible,—that you may be a little disappointed."

"What can M. Valcourt mean," said Caroline, as soon as he was out of sight, "by the gibing manner in which he spoke ?"

"Why, my dear friend," said Mme. Beaumont, "You know Valcourt is easily annoyed—and the manner in which you spoke to him——"

"Surely, you must have perceived the way in which M. Valcourt has behaved since he was here—bantering—attacking a person who could in no way have offended him. I should like to know whether he or M. Durand was to blame this morning—but the sudden departure of both—the words Valcourt let fall—good heavens ! what a frightful thought strikes me !—if they were to fight."

"You are running away with it, my dear—it can't be that they will fight for a mere joke about a dance."

"M. Valcourt's manner would not allow it to pass as a joke."

"But you saw M. Durand took no notice of it."

"No—not before us—but, perhaps——"

"Come, come, don't let us have any more of this nonsense."

Caroline, however, could not recover her spirits all the evening. The party broke up at an early hour, and next morning Mme. Beaumont, not at all pleased at the manner in which her protegé had been treated, bade Mme. Dorville adieu, and returned to Paris.

Caroline passed the day in a state of the greatest agitation : she scarcely ever quitted the window which overlooked the principal road. Music, drawing, every thing was neglected. The good hearted Mme. Marcellin was struck with her absent manner, and asked if she was unwell ; whilst little Laura strove in vain to make her smile.

"Nothing —nothing—I am quite well, I assure

you," said Caroline; but the tone in which she spoke these words gave no assurance to her hearers.

As evening came on, Caroline's uneasiness and agitation increased, for they had neither seen nor heard from Jean. She withdrew early to her chamber, where her faithful servant followed her. She had also remarked the change in her mistress, and, although Louise was very young and simple, she partly guessed the cause. The most innocent girls are very observant in certain circumstances, and, in order to draw out her mistress, she said, whilst undressing her, "How very suddenly M. Durand left us, without speaking to any body — I thought he had merely gone to take a ride in the neighbourhood."

"No, Louise, he went to Paris, but he should have returned to-day or sent word—I am astonished."

"Oh, no doubt he will come to-morrow; he seemed so delighted with this place."

"Do you think so, Louise? would to heaven tomorrow were come!"

"You seem unwell, Madame, has any thing happened to M. Durand?"

"Any thing? — I hope not — but men quarrel for such trifles."

"Good heavens! is M. Durand engaged in a quarrel?"

"I don't say so, Louise, you are too inquisitive."

"I beg your pardon, Madame," said the waiting-maid, who had finished her business, and was withdrawing.

"Louise."

"Yes, Madame."

"Wait, I have not done with you; stay, stay, fold up that gown—settle that drawer—every thing in it is topsy turvy."

Louise went over to the drawer in which there was

nothing amiss; however, she pretended to be extremely busy with it. After a short pause, Caroline said "Louise,—there are several things I have forgotten in Paris — some books — my embroidery. Couldn't you get them for me?"

"Yes, Madame, whenever you please."

"Yes, but immediately — to-morrow, perhaps,—I will give you a note of the particulars."

"Yes, Madame."

"If you should happen—to pass by M. Durand's —I rather think he is our neighbour in the Rue Richer."

"Oh, then, of course, I shall be quite close to him."

"You can — it would perhaps be but right were you to ask — if the young man is ill — wounded — if any thing has happened to him."

"Yes, Madame, I can make every inquiry."

"Without saying—who sent you."

"Oh, yes, I will ask as for myself — but should any thing have happened to the gentleman?"

"Then go to him—see him yourself, Louise, and return again as quickly as possible."

"Depend upon me, Madame."

Caroline dismissed her servant, a little more at ease, after the arrangement she had made. She passed a sleepless night, however, and next morning, still hearing nothing from Jean, she gave Louise her commissions for Paris.

Jean had repaired, accompanied by his servant only, to the place he had appointed with Valcourt, who did not keep him waiting. The result of the encounter was, that Jean received a thrust in his side; for though he did every justice to Bellequene's training, and was perfect master of his weapon, his

thoughts ran too much on Caroline, whilst Valcourt's were devoted to the business before him, and he became the conqueror. But he was a generous adversary, and as, since their encounter, Jean had risen greatly in his estimation, he assisted his servant in placing his master in the carriage, and then took a polite leave of him.

Jean's wound was not at all dangerous, but he was very much reduced in consequence of a considerable loss of blood, and notwithstanding his eagerness to write to Caroline, he was unable to hold a pen the day after the duel. His medical men recommended the strictest quiet as the only guarantee of a speedy cure.

But quiet and love are not compatible, especially when he who loves has doubts. Jean was in despair at being stretched on his bed, and was thinking of sending his servant to Luzarche, when Louise walked into the room.

Jean started in joyful surprise—then turned pale as death, and was near fainting, the slightest shock being yet too much for him. The waiting maid flew to his assistance, saying, "Good heavens! poor young man! my mistress had good cause for her uneasiness about him."

Fainting as he was, Jean caught these words, and recovering himself with an effort, said smilingly, "What! has your mistress been so kind as to interest herself about me?"

"She has indeed, sir — that is to say, I ought to pretend I came from myself — but it was she who sent me — You have been fighting, then? you are wounded?"

"Oh, it's nothing, Louise, I shall soon be cured: I feel it — I feel so very happy at hearing that Ca-

roline — that Mme. Dorville, has not forgotten me. —Louise, tell her, the instant I can stir out, my first visit will be to her."

"Yes, sir, but take care; no rashness—no relapse; besides, I am sure my mistress will often send me to know how you are getting on — or I shall call from myself — as I did to-day. Farewell, sir, I must hurry back, for my mistress is most anxious to learn something about you."

Louise withdrew, and Jean already felt himself much better; for Caroline's interest in him was the best medicine.

Louise's return was most anxiously expected at Luzarche. Caroline had confessed her fears to her faithful friends, and they shared the interest she felt; for Mme. Marcellin and Laura had become extremely attached to Jean who behaved to them with kindness and attention.

Louise, on her return, was encircled and overpowered with questions; the young girl told all that she knew; and, pale and trembling, Caroline learnt that Jean was wounded. Mme. Marcellin cried, "When will these men learn to cease fighting with each other?"

As soon as Louise had comforted the ladies by the medical man's assurance that the wound was not dangerous, Caroline withdrew to her room followed by Louise, where she made her repeat the minutest details of the interview with Jean, interrupting her at every moment with such exclamations as "Poor young man!—he told you that I was too good—as if it was not the most natural—I was almost the very cause of the duel—that Valcourt—never, I trust, shall I set eyes on him again!"

"For my part I like M. Durand a thousand times better."

"And he thanked you, Louise—because I—because you called to know ——"

"Yes, Madame—he declared that the hearing from you would cure him a thousand times sooner."

"If I knew—If I thought——"

Caroline said no more, but the next morning she recollected several other commissions for Paris, and as she was sending Louise, she desired her to call to know how the invalid was getting on, and to acquaint him with the interest which every body there took in his recovery.

Jean already felt himself much stronger, and despite all the doctors said, he passed the greater part of the day in writing to Caroline. He wished but to thank her for the interest she had vouchsafed to take in him, but his heart guided his pen. His letter was most ardent—every word betrayed his love, whilst he fully believed that he spoke of nothing but his respect.

He was enchanted with Louise's visit. He put the letter in her hand, begging her to give it to her mistress, and a heavy purse accompanied it. The waiting maid did not require this to make her feel an interest in the business; but a purse, given gracefully, seldom comes amiss, and she hastened to acquit herself of her commission.

Jean's letter agitated Caroline's bosom anew; she read it a thousand times in secret, she carried it about to read it again in the garden. Her melancholy disappeared. If at times she was pensive, her thoughtfulness gave a still more winning expression to her countenance. A woman whose thoughts run on love becomes a thousand times more lovely.

Caroline did not venture a reply to Jean's letter, but there was some fresh business for Louise at Paris, and she was charged not to leave without seeing the

wounded man. Never before had Louise made so many trips from Paris to Luzarche, but she complained not, for, going or coming, she ever found herself a welcome messenger. Jean was able to rise, but had not yet been out. He sent a second letter by Louise to her mistress, and this time he ventured to tell her that he could not live unless he gained her heart. On receipt of this second letter, Caroline, who no doubt would have been very sory if Jean should have died instead of getting cured, decided on sending two words in reply.

These two words formed about a dozen lines, for your lovers do not express themselves in general very briefly. On the receipt of the letter, which Louise was not long in delivering, Jean's heart bounded with joy, and, on reading it he was almost overcome with delight, for Caroline said, "That she should be extremely sorry to be the cause of any uneasiness to him; that she looked with impatience to the moment when they should meet again, but that she intreated him not to act rashly, as his health was very dear to all his friends at Luzarche,"—and all this was to be found in the two words traced by her lovely hand. We may conceive the intoxication, the delirium of Jean, when he received this letter, which he read and kissed a hundred times. He thanked Louise—he even thanked Valcourt for having wounded him, for it was to this event he owed his happiness. At length he gave the young girl a letter to her mistress in which he told her that in less than three days he hoped to have the happiness of seeing her again.

The waiting-maid took the letter and her leave, and then walked to the coach-stand, without remarking that she had all along been followed by a tall woman, who looked at her in a very singular manner, and who got into the same coach with her for Luzarche.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE reader has not forgotten that Mlle. Chopard repaired regularly to the Rue de Provence, in search of news of Jean. Although the porter's answers were never satisfactory, she yet persevered — it at least gave her an opportunity of inveighing against the perfidy of her lover, and she derived some relief from unburthening herself in this manner.

The year rolled away, and nothing more was heard of the young man, who they began to think must be making a tour of the world. Bellequeue believed that his godson, who had expressed so much regret at being an ass, would never cease travelling till he became a learned man. Rose concluded that Jean was somewhere snug with the handsome woman who had enslaved him; and Mlle. Chopard was persuaded that her traitor was running over Italy in the track of the woman who had thrown a spell over him.

Despite the torments of her ill-requited love, Adelaide was still growing taller and stouter. Her parents looked at her with delight, persuaded that there was not such another girl in all Paris; their friends

said, "She is a magnificent woman, certainly, but she must stop now." The young girls called her a Colossus, and Rose affected to fear that, ere long, she would be obliged to stoop in going through the gate of St. Denis.

The Chopards left their daughter at perfect liberty, convinced that a girl so extremely well grown, must know how to take care of herself; and yet a woman of five foot ten, may have as tender a heart as a dwarf; and we every day see, that however a heart may be imbedded in flesh, it is not the more secure from the weakness of human nature.

Sometimes the mamma would hint at another husband; but Adelaide invariably replied, "I will never marry any other than Jean."

But the taller and stouter Mlle. Chopard grew, the fewer aspirants appeared for her hand. There are men who have a fancy for seating their wives on their knees, and such, on looking at Adelaide, might doubt the possibility, or probability, of the thing. Mme. Chopard was in despair at her daughter's wrong-headedness, and would fain have seen her married; but M. Chopard replied, "There is time enough; let her develope herself; no one will object to her being a little *pursy* — Ha,'ha, ha! I will look out for a man that will suit her — there Ha, ha, ha! — *suitor*. — Upon my soul I can't help it."

When one goes almost every day from the Marais to the Rue de Provence, one may sometimes take the Rue Richer on the way. It chanced, Mlle. Chopard was returning by this route, not the shortest, (but it was about the end of August, the weather delightful, and Adelaide fond of walking,) when she saw, at the window of an *entresol*, the very man she had been so long in search of. It was in fact, Jean, who, still confined from his wound, was breathing the fresh air at

the window, whilst transported in imagination to the fields of Luzarche.

Adelaide stopped under a *porte cochère*, till convinced her eyes had not deceived her. Then, when he left the window, she slipt quickly into the house, and putting on her very best look, prepared herself for an interview with the porter, to which by this time she was well accustomed.

"M. Jean Durand lives here?"

"Yes, Madame."

"If I was not mistaken, I think I saw him just now."

"Oh, yes—he can't stir out: he has been ill—that is to say, wounded—an affair of honour—swords. Oh, M. Durand is not to be put down."

"What! M. Durand engaged in a duel?"

"Oh, a duel—after all. I don't exactly know—his servant was saying something—"

Adelaide saw that this man was a gossip, whom she could not better please than by setting his tongue at liberty. To dispose him favourably, she put two five-franc pieces in his hand, and walked into his lodge, whilst he searched about for a whole chair to offer her.

"My good man, I am the intimate friend—of a relation of M. Durand's, who is much interested about him. This relation has desired me to make some enquiries—I hope you are inclined to oblige me; you must be aware that I can only have a good object in view."

"Oh, Madame, one may see that with half an eye—"

"How long has M. Jean Durand lived in this house?"

"Why, Madame—stay—'twas a little after the death of my departed—it is more than a year—a

year and something—Heavens! How quick the time has passed since I have been a widower."

"And no one with him but a servant?"

"Not a soul."

"Does he often go out?"

"Go out—why for a year he lived like a hermit! He never stirred."

"Are you sure?"

"Is not it I that open the door—if my poor dear dead wife were alive, she could tell you at what hour our lodgers arose and went to bed."

"If he did not go out, he received company?—visits from ladies, no doubt?"

"No; as for that, there never were but three men came here, professors—men of science, his servant told me. As for ladies, devil a one."

"What, not a lady in a carriage with servants? You must be mistaken, porter."

"That would be no easy matter; I never stir from my lodge. In the life-time of my poor dear wife, I did sometimes go out. I went to the play, the grand opera, even. We knew a fine actor-gentleman, who was employed about the scenery, pulling the cords. But all that is over now, since I lost my poor dear dead wife!"

"But this duel—this wound—all that was not done at home, I suppose."

"Ah, that is quite another thing—I'll tell you. M. Durand has been a great deal out this summer; he has been even eight—ten days without returning—sleeping out. He slept in the country—at Luzarche, as the servant told me."

"He goes to Luzarche?—to whom?"

"To a handsome lady's—who is our neighbour. She lives below there—four doors farther off. I learn that from seeing Mme. Dorville's femme-de-cham-

bre, when she called on M. Durand a few days since."

"A lady—near this—and he goes to her country-house," muttered Adelaide, as she rose in agitation. "Ah, I have found the key at last."

"You have found my key," said the porter, looking down.

"You say the lady's name is Dorville?"

"Yes; oh, I know all the neighbours—not so well though as my poor dear wife."

"She is immensely rich, is not she?—keeps three carriages?"

"Ah, nonsense: she has not even a cabriolet."

"And, M. Durand has spent several days at her country-house?"

"Oh, he was almost always there. And as soon as he is well, I suppose he will go back."

"And this duel?—how did it take place?"

"Ah, I can't tell you. I tried to find out from the servant; but he seemed to know no more than myself."

"And the maid comes to learn how the gentleman goes on?"

"She has already been here twice; but I don't think she will come to day; her hour is passed."

"At what hour does she usually come?"

"In the morning; that is to say, about half-past eleven."

"Enough—to-morrow I will return. Mr. Porter, I need not caution you as to the strictest silence."

"Oh, make yourself easy; I am mum; you may easily see that I am not a man to talk lightly."

Adelaide strode home, where she arrived quite aghast. "At length," she cried, "my trouble is rewarded; I have at last caught sight of him."

"What is the matter, child?" cried Mme. Chopard, "you appear quite overcome."

"I tell you, mamma, I have sifted to the very bottom of this intrigue—I have at length caught sight of—"

"What sight?" said M. Chopard, "as yet, my dear friend, you have given us no clue."

"You do not divine, then, that I have discovered M. Jean; that I know where he lives, and all that he has been doing for the last fourteen months?"

"Is it possible? Heavens! what cleverness. But this journey—?"

"All a lie: his Italy was the Rue Richer. Ere long I shall know—I shall see this woman for whom he has deserted me. The gentleman spent fifteen days at her country-house. It seems he has even been fighting for her—a duel with swords!—a woman that people quarrel about can't be any great things. That impertinent Rose wanted to persuade me she was a princess: she has not even a cabriolet.— No matter; I will see this Mme. Dorville; I will speak to her."

"What! daughter will you—"

"Mamma, I have a plan — I must be revenged: you don't think that I have spent the greatest part of every day, for the last fourteen months, amongst porters, for nothing."

"But, my dear friend—"

"Papa, I entreat you will let me alone, or you will make me ill."

"You must let her follow her own plan," said Mme. Chopard, "that is the best way. Besides, she is too clever to do any thing foolish."

"I am decidedly of that way of thinking," said M. Chopard: "after all, a woman of her height ought to be able to see her way—Ha, ha, ha! She will hardly make a false step when she steps so firmly. Ha, ha! good—Ha, ha!"

Next morning, Adelaide left home at nine o'clock, in order to reach the Rue Richer in time. Ten o'clock saw her installed in the porter's lodge, and some of M. Chopard's good money was transferred to the keeping of the babbling porter. At a quarter past eleven, Louise appeared: she curtsied, asked for M. Durand, and walked up stairs.

"You did not speak to her," said the porter.

"No, I had rather she did not see me."

"Ah! ah! no matter—In your place I should have talked a little with her. My poor dear wife knew how to make people open their mouths: she would set them a-going."

Adelaide, let the porter have all the talk to himself. She waited impatiently for the servant's re-appearance. Louise did not keep her long; she left the house, followed by Adelaide, who, as we have seen, got with her into the carriage for Luzarche.

During the journey, Louise, who was seated behind Adelaide, did not take much notice of her, and Mlle. Chopard preserved a strict silence. They soon arrived at Luzarche; Louise hastened home to her mistress, and Adelaide went round the neighbourhood in order to pick up some information about Madame Dorville.

Caroline eagerly opened Jean's letter; she no longer tried to conceal the joy she felt, and her countenance brightened when she learnt that in a very few days he would be with her. She questioned Louise as to the manner in which he had received her note; she made her repeat a hundred times the smallest detail of the pleasure which it had given him, and said to herself, "Yes, he loves me! it is impossible to doubt that he loves me truly! All that he has done for the last year—his strong wish to please me—poor young man!—and how ungrateful should I be—not to repay

him. Why conceal that I also loved in secret—that in spite of myself I thought of him? Am not I my own mistress? and besides, is not he every way worthy of me?"

Caroline was wrapped in these sweet thoughts: she repeated over again that it was for her sake Jean had devoted himself to study, and had discarded the vulgar tone and habits of low company which had spoilt his natural good qualities: she had withdrawn to her own room, in order to think more at liberty, when Louise came to tell her mistress, that a tall lady wished to see her.

"What, another visit from Paris?"

"I dont think, Madame, she is one of your acquaintances; she is a most enormous woman, and yet one may see she is very young. I rather think she was in the coach with me coming here."

Caroline went down, and found Mlle. Chopard who had been shown into the parlour to Laura and Madame Marcellin. Adelaide's first care was to measure her rival from head to foot. The result of this examination, was a look of ill humour; for it was impossible to persuade herself, that Caroline was ugly.

"May I ask your business, Madame?" said the lovely woman, in the soft tone and charming voice she could never lay aside.

"I wish, Madame, to speak to you in private," replied Adelaide, bending her black brows on the object of her hate.

Caroline, who was somewhat surprised at the tall lady's manner, said, "Here are none but friends, Madame; I have no secrets from them, and I should suppose, that what you have to say, can be no great mystery."

"Excuse me, Madame, it is extremely mysterious."

Caroline could scarce help smiling, but ushered Adelaide into an adjoining room, and little Laura

whispered Mme. Marcellin, "One would almost think, that was a man in woman's clothes."

Caroline offered a chair to Adelaide, and seated herself, waiting for an explanation. Adelaide was more embarrassed than she expected to have been, for she had heard nothing in the neighbourhood but what was to the advantage of Mme. Dorville. However, she had arranged a plan suitable to what she had learned, and began, "I am addressing Mme. Dorville ?"

"Yes, Madame."

"I am unmarried, Madame, and was twenty-one years of age last birth-day."

"Excuse me, Mademoiselle, one would think——"

"It is true I am very old-looking, for my age, but I shall not alter for the next twenty years to come."

"I have no doubt of it, Mademoiselle."

"And if I am not yet married, Madame, I ought to be——to have been so long since. And it is you, Madame, who have prevented me."

"I, Mademoiselle !"

"Yes, Madame, you yourself: you are acquainted with M. Jean Durand ?"

"M. Durand ! yes, Madame," said Caroline blushing in spite of herself, and beginning to take rather more interest in the conversation.

"Then, Madame, you have a very unworthy acquaintance."

"How, Mademoiselle ! explain yourself, I entreat you."

"Yes, Madame, I will explain myself; it is with that intention I have come. You must know, Madame, that my name is Adelaide Chopard, daughter of people, who I flatter myself are most respectable. My father was formerly a distiller, and is now living

in the Marais—and when I undertake to put anything in brandy, I will warrant its lasting as long as an Egyptian mummy."

"I should rather imagine, Mademoiselle, that is not your business with me."

"Certainly not, Madame, but one naturally wishes to show—that one has been properly educated—and capable of reasoning on any subject."

"I am perfectly well satisfied of it, Mademoiselle."

"Well, Madame, to return to M. Jean Durand, you must know that the greatest intimacy subsisted between our parents, and—that—from the most tender age they had determined to unite us."

"To marry you—you, Mademoiselle, to M. Durand?"

"Yes, Madame, I myself."

"But it often happens that the projects of parents are anything but pleasing to the children."

"Oh, Madame, how different with us, we were delighted with the arrangement, we were always together—we were for ever playing at papa and mamma. M. Jean could not exist a day, without seeing me; so much so, that we were only known in the neighbourhood as Paul and Virginia."

Caroline could scarce conceal the impression, this recital made on her; and Adelaide, perceiving her agitation, already revelled in her revenge, and determined to sacrifice even her reputation, the more effectually to ruin Jean in the estimation of her rival. Mlle. Adelaide, had a way of almost idolizing the objects of her love, but women of these strong passions are seldom loved in return, for true love has no affinity with hatred.

"Well, Mademoiselle," said Caroline, trying to calm her perturbation.

"Well, Madame, we grew in years, and our love

grew with us. M. Jean adored me, he never ceased telling me so. He became so pressing — that our parents thought it high time to marry us. When my future mother-in-law died we had been contracted upwards of six weeks; her death postponed our marriage, but delay only increased his ardour: I already looked upon him as my husband—we were often alone together—he was so fervent—so tender—and I—too confiding—"

"I understand you Mademoiselle, you need say no more," said Caroline, who could scarcely breathe.

"Well, Madame, could you believe that, after all this—when I looked on M. Jean, as part of myself—when my parents had gone to all the expence—and all the preparations for our marriage—this ungrateful—this perfidious wretch, cut short his visits all at once, and sent my father word, that he could not marry me, because he was in love with you, and you expected him to marry you."

"M. Jean said this, Mademoiselle!"

"Oh, yes, Madame, though no doubt he would deny it: but ask him if he knows Adelaide Chopard — if he was not to have married her — if the very marriage day was not fixed — if his godfather had not ordered a pair of tight pantaloons for the ball — and unless he is the most deceitful of men — and I will not say he is not — you will see Madame, whether or no he dare belie me."

Caroline rose, and walked disturbedly about the room and Adelaide followed her with her eyes, and in a moment added, "If, Madame, I have thus come in search of you, it is unknown to my parents, — but in a word, I love M. Jean: after all that I have done for him, I may well look on myself as his wife; should he not marry me, I am determined to stop at nothing. I know that it is for you he deserts me — but I know

also, Madame — that you are extremely virtuous and capable of the greatest sacrifices — I thought you would feel for my love — my situation — that you would not countenance a truant, whom I still love, notwith standing his perfidy. For these reasons, Madame, I determined to seek you, and candidly avow my unhappy situation."

"You did me justice, Mademoiselle," said Caroline, trying to overcome her emotion. "I could not bear to be the cause of your unhappiness — besides, I can't conceive why M. Durand should think I would accept his hand. There was never any question of love between us — I felt friendship for M. Durand, but nothing more. I repeat it, Mademoiselle, that if M. Durand wishes to return to you, so far from being an obstacle, I should be the first to engage him to it. As things are — a man of honour can never recede from his promise."

"Ah, Madame, I expected as much from you," said Adelaide, "and my gratitude ——"

"You owe me none, Mademoiselle, I assure you this resolution costs me nothing — and that you are, indeed, much mistaken if you suppose I feel any love for M. Durand."

"In that case, Madame, I withdraw, light as a feather. I have every reason to believe that the inconstant will return, as soon as he finds he has no hope of success with you. Here is my address, Madame, and if you have the slightest doubt of what you have heard, inquire in the neighbourhood, and you will learn that the Chopards are——"

"I believe every thing you say, Mademoiselle, this address is quite useless to me."

"Excuse me, Madame, just show it to M. Jean and you will see the effect it will produce. Madame, I will no longer intrude on your time—I will return

to the bosom of my family who are probably uneasy at my absence. Recollect, Madame, that on you depens the peace of a family, and the happiness of an unfortunate victim of love."

"M. Durand's doing his duty, Mademoiselle, does not depend on me."

Adelaide made a low curtsey to Caroline, who accompanied her to the vestibule; then, after another curtsey, still more profound, on the part of Adelaide, they separated, and the tall lady walked away in search of a carriage, for which she had paid a pretty good price in order to induce them to return the same evening to Paris. Money, however, was a secondary consideration with Adelaide, who was delighted with her success, and poor M. Chopard's hard earnings went right and left, as she said to herself. "I have separated them—separated them for ever. This woman has too much pride to say anything, and Jean, who cannot of course be aware of the culpable light in which I have represented him, will not know what he has to excuse, or in what way he has offended—besides, I will keep an eye upon them—thank goodness, I am still on good terms with the porters."

As soon as Mlle. Chopard had withdrawn, Caroline, yielding to the feelings she had concealed so long, shut herself up in her room, and gave a free course to her tears. "How he has deceived me," said she, "I who thought him all frankness—to have betrayed this woman—this young lady. After a promise of marriage—to trifle thus with her parents—with a whole family—it is too bad: but suppose it is not true—Oh! it is but too true! How much this poor girl must love him to have brought herself to make such a confession. And he—he loved her also. I confess I thought his taste was better—but I am prejudiced perhaps—this woman, in his eyes—

she is a fine figure—Ah, Jean, how much have I been deceived in you; and yet all he underwent for my sake, for more than a year—no matter, I cannot esteem a man who would behave in this way to a woman to whom he was under a promise of marriage—and I never will marry the man I cannot esteem."

The change which had taken place in Caroline was soon perceptible. Madame Marcellin and Laura asked if any thing had occurred to annoy her; but she assured them they were mistaken, and that there was nothing the matter with her. Louise, with a view of pleasing her mistress, began speaking of Jean; but the young lady drew herself up, and with a very grave tone of voice, desired her never to mention M. Durand's name in future. Louise did not know what to make of it. She was silent, and thought to herself, "My mistress is not the same person since this tall lady's visit. I wish to goodness the monster had stayed in Paris."

Two days had elapsed since Adelaide's visit to Luzarche. Caroline continued in low spirits, but every instant increased her agitation; as it was clear from the way in which Jean had last written, that the moment was approaching when they were to meet again, and this interview was to convince her whether Mlle. Chopard had told her the truth or the reverse. The inmates of the house were anxiously expecting the arrival of the young man, for they thought that his presence would restore Caroline her gaiety.

It is said that happiness is the best medicine, and in fact good spirits and peace of mind are excellent remedies for the wounds of the body. Caroline's billet had hastened Jean's recovery, and three days after receiving it he left Paris full of love, and yielding to all those delightful hopes and wishes so natural

to a lover, who has just learnt that his passion is requited.

Jean, however, did not gallop all the way this time, he was yet too weak to sit on his horse. A cabriolet brought him more soberly to his destination, and Louise who saw him alight, ran to meet him, saying, "How glad I am to see you, sir!"

"Thank you, my good Louise, and your mistress—"

"—Is in the parlour—ah! I hope now she will get back her cheerfulness again."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, my mistress is quite altered latterly, we can't tell what is come over her."

Jean scarce heard her, anxious to see Caroline, he hurried to the parlour. Mme. Dorville was seated near Mme. Marcellin and Laura. At the sight of Jean she could scarce contain her feelings. However she recovered herself and received him with politeness: but the cold tone of voice in which she asked after his health, her averted look and reserved manner almost petrified Jean, who stared at her with astonishment, and knew not how to account for the singular change he observed in her.

Mme. Marcellin and Laura evinced a great deal of kindness for the young man, and he thanked them for the interest they took in his health. But though he spoke to them, his looks were all for Caroline; he would fain have read in her eyes what was passing in her heart, but the object of his adoration no longer deigned to look at him. Jean saw she was greatly agitated—that her respiration was impeded, and that some secret sorrow was but too legible in her features. He was on the point of throwing himself at her feet, to entreat an explanation, when Caroline, who was herself most anxious that an end should be put to

this dreadful uncertainty, rose suddenly, and left the room for the garden. Jean was soon at her side.

"In the name of heaven, why are you displeased with me, Madame? What have I done to deserve a reception of this kind?" cried Jean, stopping Caroline in the garden.

"Really, sir, I am not aware that there was any thing extraordinary in your reception to day. I hope I expressed my pleasure at seeing your health re-established—and—"

"No, Madame, you are no longer the same with me, excuse my importunity. But I cannot bear this frozen — this cruel ceremonial. Why should I hide all that I had dared to hope for. My letters have betrayed the secret of my heart. Yes, Madame, I love you, I loved you from the first moment that I saw you, this love has changed my very being. It was in the hope of pleasing you that I gave myself up to study—that I endeavoured to acquire a knowledge of the manners—of the customs—of that world, of which I saw you were the greatest ornament. Whatever success I may have achieved I owe to you, and when you seemed to look on me with kindness—when your letter nourished in my bosom the fondest hopes — and I flew wild with love — how do I find you changed? Politeness — coldness — indifference. These are the only sentiments you deign to express towards me."

"You may have, sir, — most probably you have mistaken the interest I took in you—as I was mistaken also in — in — the sentiments for which I gave you credit."

"How, Madame?"

"If, however, you feel any friendship for me, swear to answer candidly the questions I shall put to you."

"I swear, Madame."

"Do you know a young lady, called Adelaide Chopard?"

"Adelaide Chopard!" cried Jean, quite surprised at hearing that name from Caroline. "Yes, Madame, yes—certainly."

Jean's confusion carried conviction to Caroline, who said, as she looked at him steadily; "You blush, sir, I see that I was told the truth. You were to have married this young lady?"

Jean bowed.

"The wedding-day was even fixed — Mlle. Chopard already looked upon you as a husband. Is this the truth, sir?"

"Yes, Madame; I cannot deny it."

"I want to hear no more, sir. A man of honour should fulfil his engagements, especially — But you understand me, sir. I leave you. I will not conceal, that henceforth your presence will only be painful to me. Return to her—who looks upon you, and with so just a claim, as a husband. Farewell, sir! Farewell, for ever!"

Caroline hastened away for she could no longer restrain her tears. Had Jean been a witness of those tears, he would have fallen at her feet, and most probably, a candid explanation might have deranged Mlle. Adelaide's plan. But, unfortunately, Caroline was no longer there, and Jean, cruelly hurt at the treatment he had received, when his conscience was guileless of reproach, remained thunderstruck for a few minutes in the garden, then, summoning all his native pride to his aid, he left Mme. Dorville's residence, cursing love and womankind.

Just as he was departing, Louise accosted him with, "Why— where are you going, sir?"

"I go," replied Jean, with a stifled voice, "far from this place, to which I shall never return."

Louise remained standing where she was; she could not understand the sudden departure of him, whose arrival, but a short time before, was so anxiously desired, and before she had settled in her own mind the why, and the wherefore, Jean was far away on his return to Paris.

He arrived at Paris overwhelmed at Caroline's reception, and totally unable to conceive, why his acquaintance with the Chopard family had given occasion to the rupture. He never for a moment suspected Adelaide's share in the transaction. "My conduct was blamable," said he; "no doubt I hurt Mlle. Chopard's self love; but was I to sacrifice the happiness of my life for her; and is my punishment to come from Mme. Dorville, who was alone the cause? It was she who taught me to know my own heart. I never felt love for Adelaide, and I adore Caroline, and for this, she banishes me her presence—will see me no more—am I then so guilty? No, she loves me not—has never loved me—and sorry for having written too favourably to me, she has seized on this pretext to put an end to the connection."

Jean shut himself up in his own apartment. He sighed for other days, and wished he was as he had been before. "I was then," said he, "far more happy. Why did I seek knowledge? I was well enough for the world in which I lived. I have mastered some information, but I have lost that carelessness which was sufficient for my happiness. It was for her sake that I changed myself, and this is the way that she rewards me."

Jean, in his disgust, threw his books and papers far from him, then stretched himself on his bed, swearing never again to think of Caroline. But her form was always before his eyes, he thought he saw her—heard her speak—and she was ever before him.

Night was very far from dispelling the cherished image from his mind. It was about one, and Jean could find no repose, when a low noise struck his ear. He listened; it came from his casement; it seemed as if some one was forcing the window. Jean had left a candle burning on the chimney-piece. He was getting up, when the window was thrown open. No longer doubting that robbers had broken in, Jean seized his pistols, which he was accustomed to leave on his night-table; then feigning sleep, he hid his arms and awaited the result.

Two men appeared at the window: "There is a light," said one of them; "odd enough! They told us the gentleman slept in the country."

"No matter; let us on, whether he is here or not —so much the worse for him if he is."

The two wretches climbed into the apartment, and then directed their steps towards the bed, which was at the bottom of the room.

"There is some one in the bed, let us make off," said one.

"No, no; there is money to be picked up here— and for fear he should awake, we must—"

"Ah, you said there should be nothing of that kind."

"I thought we should find no one: but we cannot force the locks without making a noise—if he awakes he will cry out—I must prevent it."

So saying, the wretch made for the bed, holding a dagger in his hand. He was raising his arm, when Jean, with a movement quick as lightning, presented a pistol at either robber.

The two scoundrels were struck with terror — they were hastening off, when Jean himself let fall his arms saying "Good God! is it not a dream?—is it you — Démar — Gervais!"

"It is Jean," cried the two brigands, returning to the bed, and for some moments they stood, looking at each other, without speaking a word.

"It is you," said Jean at last, "you — whom I thus meet — Démar you would have murdered me!"

"True enough — but I did not know it was you."

"Wretch! see to what you are come! to the last degree of crime! see to what idleness, debauchery, and that hatred of work, which you call love of liberty, have brought you!"

Gervais was speechless, but Démar, cried "Do you think we came to hear a sermon, my good lad? We want money—you have plenty—don't you recollect we were to have everything in common?"

Jean looked at Démar indignantly, then rising, he placed his pistols on the table, and opening a secretary took out two bags of silver, one of which he gave to Démar, and the other to Gervais, saying, "I might hand you over to justice, but I prefer giving you a chance of becoming honest men. Each of these bags contains twelve hundred francs, you have now the means of leaving France, you may visit another country, and give up your infamous trade."

"I dare say you have more money here," said Démar, placing himself between the table on which were the pistols and Jean, "and we can force you—"

"I will give you nothing more—I am unarmed — you may now assassinate me—"

"No, no, never," said Gervais placing himself before Jean, "Come, come Démar—let us be off—it is high time—I think I hear a noise in the street."

The street was quiet, but Gervais was through the window in a moment; Démar hesitated, then followed him, and the robbers were soon out of sight.

As Jean threw himself on his bed he said "And these were my schoolfellows! my playfellows in my infancy! well may we make oaths! well may we lay plans!"

CHAPTER XIV.

This meeting with the old companions of his youth, did not cause Jean any regret that he had followed a different course of life. The next morning he collected his books and papers: "Although she loves me not, I owe to her at least that I shall not pass through life a fool and blockhead, and I feel that it is still sweet to owe something to her."

Jean applied to study with renewed taste, finding a relief from care in that alone; since he went no more to Luzarche, he scarce ever stirred out. He never ceased thinking of Caroline, and as he felt he must ever adore her, he made no more vain attempts to banish her from his mind. But she had forbidden him to see her again, and Jean had too much pride to violate this injunction. Whilst unable to conceive why Caroline should banish him from her presence, because he had once been on the point of marrying Mlle. Chopard, and still hoping in the bottom of his heart, that the lovely woman had not forgotten him —for lovers hope almost against hope—Jean would

take no steps towards a reconciliation with the object of his adoration.

'On her side, Caroline, after her interview with Jean, had promised and sworn to herself, to think no more of a man whom she believed unworthy of her love. But does the heart always agree with the efforts of the mind or the dictates of reason? Caroline tried in vain to be gay, lively, happy as before. A sigh betrayed a secret sorrow when she affected to smile. No one about her ever mentioned the name of Jean, as they had seen her grief increase when he was the subject of conversation. Caroline began to feel that her prohibition was too religiously observed; she felt a secret wish to speak of him of whom she never ceased to think. But she knew not how to touch the subject herself: she said, "He will return no more—he has too much pride; and I told him I would never see him again—and yet he must have loved me well to have changed his nature so completely: I ought to have thought of that when he was here—this duel too—was I not in some measure the cause?—Valcourt insulted him from jealousy—had Jean been killed, I should have been the cause—and I forgot all that. But this Adelaide Chopard—what she told me overcame me so—and he did not even attempt to excuse his conduct—alas! he felt he had no excuse to offer."

Caroline said all this to herself—she no longer dared mention Jean to others; but she was not more consoled, and could not recover her spirits. She could take no step to see Jean again, who, for his part, remained shut up in his *entresol*. Here, then, were two beings, who loved truly, and were most desirous of seeing each other again, and who might remain for ever apart, because it pleased a tall, wicked, jealous girl, to scatter abroad a parcel of lies and ca-

lumnies. But we are told there is a god for lovers — let us see what he will do for Jean.

Three weeks had passed since Jean's return from Luzarche. Three weeks pass quick enough, when we are well pleased, but they last for ever when we grieve and sigh, and when hope has left us. Caroline found the country tiresome, and although it was only the end of September, she had already returned to Paris. Perhaps she thought she should be better, living near one whom she no longer saw; but Jean, believing Caroline to be still in the country, never once thought of placing himself at the window.

In the course of these three weeks, Mlle. Chopard had made frequent visits to her dear friend, the porter, and had learnt that the young man had returned from the country the same day he went, and since that time had never stirred out, and appeared always to be in very low spirits. Adelaide was delighted; she rubbed her hands, saying, "I have succeeded — they have quarrelled, and will meet no more. I must leave Jean yet a while to recover himself, and then some fine day I will present myself, and say, 'You are a perfidious wretch, but I have never ceased loving you, though papa and mamma have forbade me doing so; marry me, and I will forgive you.' He will then marry me, and his handsome woman, who, by the way, is plain enough, will die of grief."

In order to be well informed of what was going on, Adelaide went very often to the Rue Richer. She would ask if no female came to the young gentleman in the *entresol*, and the invariable reply was, "None— no woman, no man, no servant, male or female;" and the tall lady paid very handsomely for all this good news.

One morning that Mlle. Chopard, according to custom, had been gleaning some of this satisfactory

intelligence, and was meditating a speedy interview with Jean, just at the corner of the Boulevard du Temple, and the Rue Charlot, she met Rose full in the face, who, basket in arm, was going to make some purchases. The little girl made a grimace as she looked at Adelaide, whilst the overgrown lady, delighted at the opportunity of having her revenge, stopped Rose, and said with a bantering air, "Ah! that's you, Mlle. Rose?"

"Yes, Mlle. Chopard."

"You are early on foot this morning."

"One may say as much of you. It is true enough, though, as your papa says, that no one can run away with you without cutting you in half."

Adelaide bit her lips, and rejoined, "Have you heard anything lately of M. Jean's love affairs?"

"May be I have."

"Is he still in Italy?"

"No; he is in Siberia just now."

"Ah, ah! Mlle. Rose is so exceedingly clever in deceiving people — perhaps, though, one may see as far as another sometimes. We happen to know that the poor young man never leaves his *entresol* in the Rue Richer."

"M. Jean live in the Rue Richer?"

"Oh, how very ignorant we are. And this grand lady who had three carriages, who was so immensely rich — we happen to know the handsome Mme. Dorville, just as well as you do now."

"You know —"

"Go, Mlle. Rose, you will not find it so easy to hide anything from me; I know all—I see all; I told you, Jean should be my husband — he shall be so — You will learn to know Adelaide Chopard ere long."

Adelaide paced away, and Rose remained standing where she was for some minutes, surprised at what she

had heard. "What! she know Jean's address, and I not know it!—He at Paris, and I ignorant of what is going on!—and this overgrown baby too, to dare make a fool of me—Ah! let me not lose a moment—let us for the Rue Richer. I also must see this rascally Jean, who seems to have forgotten us. Monsieur sent me to buy a turkey with truffles, meaning to regale himself to day; but little I care whether he dines or not, I must see M. Jean."

Rose ran as fast as she could to the Rue Richer; she asked at every house where there were *entresols*, and at length hit upon Jean's residence. She ran up, opened the door, and was in his room before she had scarce time to breathe.

"Why, it is Rose!" said Jean, as he looked at the little girl who was quite out of breath.

"Yes, sir; it is I who have found you at last—here you are then—what a pretty trick to shut yourself up—to hide yourself from your friends—even from your godfather who loves you so much—pretend you were not in Paris, and stay fifteen months, without once coming to see us!"

"Yes, Rose, very true, I admit I have been very wrong."

"Could you possibly think that M. Bellequeue is still angry with you—he who—loves you so? I should not even now have known your address, but for our tall Adelaide. But I have ran so hard, I am quite out of breath."

"Poor Rose!"

"Kiss me, then: that will make me forget my fatigue."

Jean kissed Rose with all his heart. She then asked him what he had been about for fifteen months, and how his love affairs got on. Jean related all that had passed between him and Caroline—his delight,

his intoxication, whilst he believed himself loved; and his despair for the last three weeks, when he was debarred from seeing his adored.

Rose, who had listened very attentively to Jean, said, "I don't see, sir, any great room for despair; Mme. Dorville loves you still."

"Do you think so, Rose?"

"I don't think it, I am sure of it."

"But she told me, she never would see me again."

"Because she was angry at the time."

"She treated me with a degree of coldness—of indifference."

"All that proves nothing; but the charming letter she wrote you three days before, is much more to the purpose. She would never have changed in this way, but from hearing some false reports—some horrible lies about you—there is a Chopard at the bottom of all this."

"You think so, Rose."

"I am sure of it. Was not it from Adelaide I learnt your address? She had no intention of doing me a good turn, however; but we will see who is cleverest, she or I. Does Mme. Dorville live near this?"

"Yes, but she is in the country, just now."

"Good; farewell, M. Jean, you will soon see me again."

"Rose, what are you about? Recollect I forbid your going on my account to Mme. Dorville—in whose house I never will put foot again."

"Yes, yes; I understand—quite enough," said Rose, going out and leaving her basket at Jean's, for she thought no more of her master's dinner. She determined to go at once to Luzarche, though she did not well know on what pretext she could call at Caroline's. But going down the street, a thought

struck her, "If Mme. Dorville still loves Jean, why may she not have returned to Paris? As I am so near, I can at least try."

Rose had judged rightly. The porter said "Mme. Dorville returned eight days since; she is within, walk up." Rose ascended the stairs, but stopped before the door, thinking what she should say—who she should ask for—what took her there. It was high time to determine; but Rose had wit at will. After a moment's reflection, she decided on her part, and rang at Caroline's bell.

Louise opened the door, and Rose said, "Mademoiselle, does Mme. Dorville live here?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"I really—don't know whether I ought to trouble Madame—I came from——"

"If you would let me know what it is?"

"Oh, willingly—M. Durand visited your mistress this summer at her country-house at Luzarche."

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"M. Durand—forgot a little book—bound in red morocco—Bless me, I quite forgot the title—but M. Durand values it very highly, because it belonged to his mother. I called to know, if you found it at Luzarche, Mademoiselle?"

"I found nothing, Mademoiselle, but I will ask my mistress if she saw the book you speak of."

Louise carried the message to her mistress; Caroline blushed at Jean's name, then answered in a careless way, "A servant girl, I think you said—is she there?"

"Yes, Madame."

"You had better desire her to come in, for you bungle the message so, I can't comprehend what it is all about."

Louise went to request Rose to enter, who smiled

to herself, as she had felt pretty sure of gaining an interview.

She presented herself to Caroline in a quiet modest way. Caroline looked at her kindly, and making a sign to Louise to withdraw, she said, "You came for a book, I think, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Madame."

"You are then in M. Durand's service, I presume?"

"No, Madame, I have lived for some time with M. Bellequeue, M. Jean's godfather, a worthy good man, who loves M. Jean like his own son."

"I know—that is, I have heard M. Durand mention him—I rather think they were not on terms."

"True, Madame."

"It was then M. Durand who sent you?"

"Oh, no, Madame, I took the liberty of calling myself."

"Is he in Paris—M. Jean?"

"Yes, Madame. Oh, he never stirs out—it is a long time since I have seen him, and I was quite shocked at finding him looking so melancholy — so very unhappy."

"What! do you think he is unhappy?"

"I don't know, Madame."

"Have you known M. Jean long?"

"Oh, yes, Madame, I was very young when first I went to M. Bellequeue, and M. Jean used often to visit his godfather."

"You were, of course, then, a witness to his love for Mlle. Adelaide Chopard."

"His love—for who, Madame?"

"Why, of M. Jean, and that young lady with whom he was intimate from childhood."

"M. Jean intimate with Mamzelle Chopard from childhood—did ever any one hear the like? Why he

never saw her—he never thought of her till M. Bellequeue proposed the marriage."

"Do you tell me so—sit down my little girl."

Caroline pointed to a chair near her, on the edge of which Rose seated herself very primly.

"You say then it was M. Jean's godfather who first thought of his marriage with Mlle. Chopard?"

"Yes, Madame: it was a very nonsensical idea my poor master took into his head. But M. Jean was then very young—a little giddy perhaps—and they thought marriage might settle him."

"He was very much in love with the young lady?"

"In love with Mlle. Chopard! not he, indeed! he never was the least so."

"Never! ah, you are mistaken."

"No, indeed Madame, I knew very well what was going on, and M. Jean used to make me his confidante. He told me all his thoughts, and he only consented to the marriage to please his mother. He knew not what love meant then! and when he did fall in love, it was not with Mamzelle Adelaide: and from that moment he determined to break off his marriage with her, and it was that that made his godfather angry with him."

"Could he then—you think then—ah, tell me—tell me, my dear child, tell me the whole truth. I too, am interested in M. Jean."

So saying, Caroline drew her chair close to that of the little servant, and taking off a very handsome ring, she slipped it on one of Mlle. Rose's fingers, who allowed her to do as she pleased, and contented herself with saying, "Is it possible, Madame, you could have thought that M. Jean was in love with Mlle. Chopard?"

"And yet he was to have married her!"

"Because it was his mother's wish."

"He looked on Mlle. Adelaide as his bride."

"That is to say, he looked upon her as he did on all others—without ever giving a thought on the subject."

"That is not as the young lady told me: on the contrary, she confessed that, led away by her feelings for M. Jean—and already looking on him in the light of her husband——"

"Good heavens!—she dared to say!—could she have the audacity?—poor young man!—what, he!—he seduce Mlle. Adelaide!—No, Madame; far from it. It is to be revenged on him for breaking off the marriage, that Mademoiselle has invented all these falsehoods! I wish her parents knew what she has been saying! For once, I think M. Chopard would forget to make a pun."

Caroline believed Rose, she was gladly convinced that Jean had not behaved towards Adelaide as she had represented. She made Rose repeat all that she knew of Jean. His infancy—his character—projected marriage—the mistake which all his friends made, in attributing the great change in him, to his love for his intended bride: at length, Caroline was fully persuaded that it was she alone, that Jean had loved, and that he loved her still; and she said, "As a reward for all his love—for all that he has done for my sake I have dismissed him—treated him with contempt. Ah! Rose, how much I wish—"

"One word, Madame, would restore him to happiness."

"But that word—how will it reach him—he comes not here—and I cannot seek him."

"Surely, Madame, there are a thousand ways—stay,

if—" and as Louise came into the room, Rose whispered Caroline, who said, "Yes, Rose, yes, I consent. Apropos—this book?"

"Oh, I have found it, Madame," replied the girl, smilingly; then curtseying to Caroline, she withdrew hastily.

Rose repaired to Jean; he could not fail being struck at the joy which sparkled in her eyes, and would fain have questioned her; but Rose was in too great a hurry. She must return to her master, who was waiting, and would wonder what had become of her; and she could only find time to tell Jean that she would inform his godfather of his intended visit.

"Yes, Rose, I will call to-day."

"Mind you do not fail, sir."

So saying, she withdrew, and repaired to her master, who was kept within doors by the gout, and who had been long looking out for her return. She ran in, saying, "I have found him—he is coming; I have seen his beloved—such a lovely woman—such a face, and such manners—in fact, a perfect angel: and stay, look how this sparkles!"

Rose held her ring before her master's eyes, who could not comprehend what it all meant; and asked her, if she had found the diamond in the turkey he had sent her to purchase. Whilst Rose was giving her master a full explanation of all her morning's work, Jean was preparing himself for a visit to his godfather. Rose's words had given him a gleam of hope, though he could not help still sighing; and as he went out, he threw a melancholy look at Caroline's dwelling.

Jean soon found himself in the Marais. He could not see without emotion, the scene of his juvenile follies. In a large town, each quarter is a different

world. After gazing some time on the house in which he was born, Jean repaired to his godfather's.

He was ushered by Rose into the little parlour in which Bellequeue was seated: Jean threw himself into his arms, saying, "Forgive me, for having for a moment doubted your friendship. You will no longer wish me to marry a woman, whom I have never loved."

"No, my dear Jean," cried Bellequeue, pressing him in his arms. "I no longer wish it—but I have settled another marriage for you."

"No more marriages I entreat you, my dear godfather, there is but one woman in the world whom I can ever love."

"Nevertheless, you must marry the one I have pitched on—who is here—in the very next room."

Jean knew not what to think: he looked about; but Rose, who could do longer restrain herself, opened the door—and Caroline is before him. She smiled and held out her hand—Jean flew to her side—he would fain have thrown himself at her feet—but happier still, he finds himself in her arms.

Long explanations are unnecessary to those who love truly. In a few minutes the two lovers had said sufficient on the past; they thought but of the present, which offered nothing but love and happiness.

Bellequeue gazed on Caroline with admiration, and declared with Rose, that she was an angel. As for his godson, he would not have recognized him. There was so great an improvement in his dress and manners, that he scarce knew how to behave towards him.

"Well," said Caroline to Jean, "do you still refuse the wife your godfather has offered you?"

By way of reply, Jean kissed the dear hand he held

in his, and Caroline rejoined, "I may now confess, my dear friend, I loved you from the first moment I knew you. Something told me, you would change for my sake. Is not your godson, sir, very much improved?"

Bellequeue bowed, and in a patronizing tone declared, that Jean was now every thing he had ever wished him to be.

Jean was eager to secure his happiness; and Caroline had now no other wish than to oblige him. The marriage was fixed at ten days hence. There was to be no wedding party, but Caroline insisted on Bellequeue's joining them, and Bellequeue accepted the invitation, bowing over the charming woman's hand.

We may easily believe, that for the ten days preceding the marriage, Jean spent much more of his time at Caroline's than in his own *entresol*. Mlle. Adelaide, who was punctual in her visits to the porter, soon learnt what was going on. In place of the usual negatives, she was told that M. Durand was to be married in eight days; and that in the mean time, he almost lived at Mme. Dorville's.

Adelaide was outrageous: she rushed from the porter's lodge, upsetting the magpie and crushing the unfortunate cat. She ran over to Caroline's, flew up stairs, and rang with violence. Louise, after telling her that her mistress could not see her, shut the door in her face; and the maypole, red with rage, hurried home, and dashing open the door, said, "It is all over! M. Jean is to be married in eight days—no matter, he is a blackguard whom I never loved—but I insist upon being married the same day. Papa, choose from the crowd of my admirers."

The crowd at this time consisted of but one individual,—a M. Courtapatte, an oil merchant, of about thirty-two, and four feet six in height, and who, like

most other little men, had a great fancy for tall women, and could not therefore fail to be devotedly attached to Adelaide.

"We can only offer you M. Courtapatte," said Mme. Chopard; "he is rather short, but —"

"No matter, I'll take him," cried Adelaide, "I like short men, they are pleasanter to lean upon."

"True, true," replied M. Chopard, "and you will be able to overlook his faults—*overlook*—Ha, ha, ha! Do you take?"

"But recollect, papa, the marriage must take place in eight days hence."

M. Courtapatte was duly advertised of the happiness intended for him; and to pacify Adelaide, every thing was hurried in such a way, that her marriage actually took place on the same day with Jean's. But as both could not be celebrated in the same church, Mme. Courtapatte displayed herself in an open caléche, with her husband and family. The carriage was ordered to pass and repass the Rue Richer several times, and an itinerant band was engaged to stop and play under the windows of Mme. Dorville, now become Mme. Durand, and the big-drummer cried every moment, "In honour of the celebration of the marriage of Mlle. Adelaide Chopard with M. Courtapatte!" The bride threw scowling looks up at the windows, whilst the bridegroom, wishing to kiss her hand, was almost entirely lost in the sleeves of her gown. M. Chopard was delighted at riding in a carriage followed by music, and said, "I always hoped my daughter would not be married without sound of drum and trumpet. Besides, when the husband is in the oil trade, it is odd indeed if every thing does not go on smooth. — Oh, oh, oh! another famous one!"

As for the other bridal party, they troubled them-

selves very little with what was passing in the street. Wrapped in their happiness and love, they repaired the day after the wedding to Luzarche. Bellequeue thanked Caroline, who pressed him to spend some days at her country-house; but he had lost his elasticity; he scarce stirred from his own fireside, too happy to enjoy from time to time a game at draughts with his little housekeeper.

Married to her whom he adored, Jean tasted the purest happiness; whilst Démar and Gervais, the two companions of his childhood, finished at the galleys a career stained with every vice.

Jean sighed sometimes when he thought of these miserable wretches: then embracing Caroline, he would say, "It is you who made me what I am." The charming woman would reply, as she passed her arm round his neck, "We sometimes see, my friend, extremely well-bred men who smoke, who play, and even swear at times; but, at least, when they choose, they resume those pleasing manners, which form the charm of society. We overlook a thousand things in people of education; but he who will apply to nothing, who will learn nothing, becomes isolated in the midst of the world, and from want of taking a very little trouble, deprives himself of the most desirable pleasures."

THE END.

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